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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 23, 1944
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Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2331 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 23 1944

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Volume CLXXVIII No. 2331 The SPHERE, London, September 23, 1944

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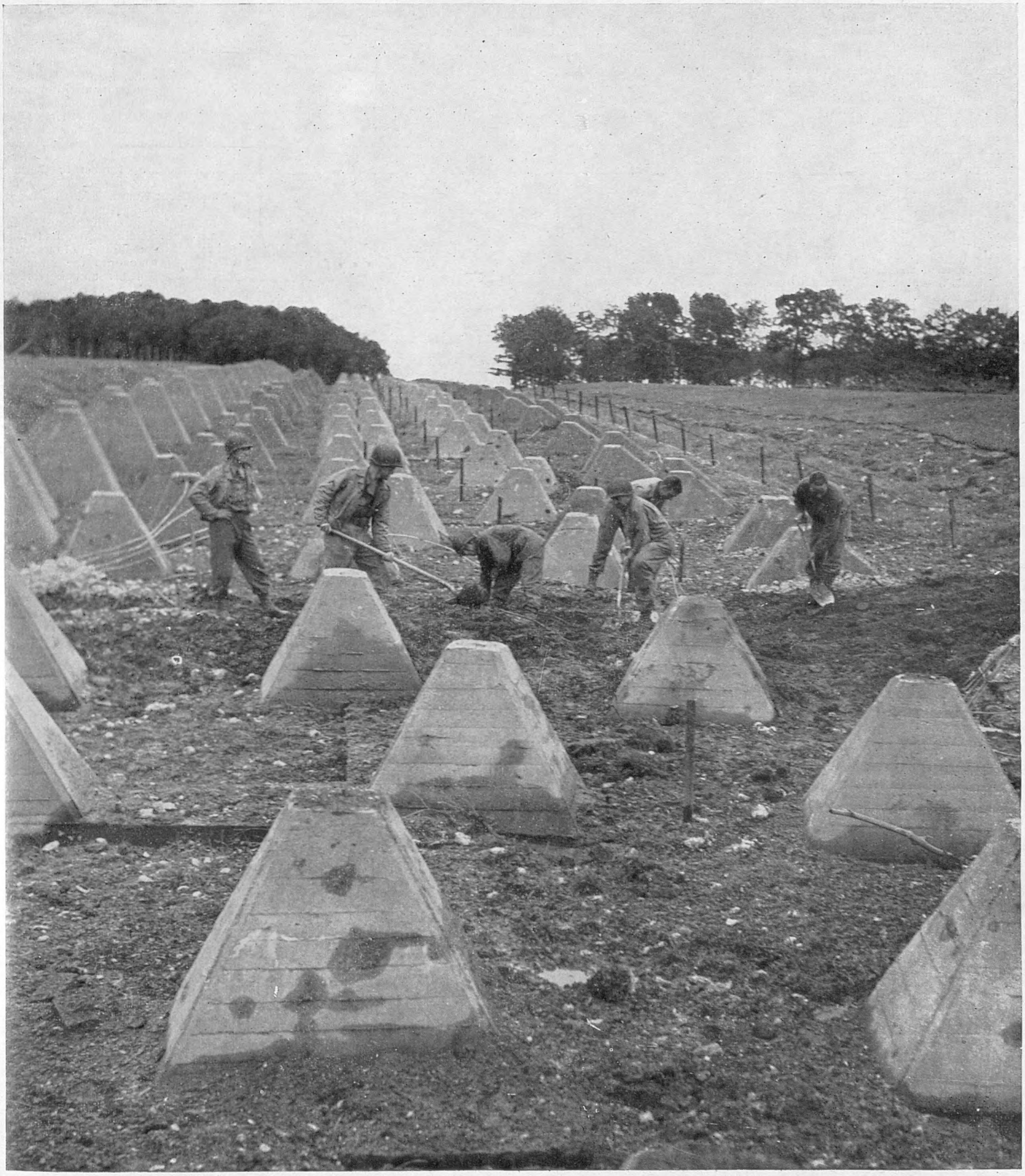

ONE OF THE FIRST PICTURES OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE, AFTER THE AMERICANS HAD BROKEN THROUGH IT ON THE WAY TO AACHEN, IN GERMANY
Engineers are here seen blasting a path for the Allied armour through a belt of steel and concrete "dragon's teeth" obstacles

General Hodges' First Army troops made history on September 11 when they crossed the German frontier near Aachen and Trier, to battle for the first time on German soil. A second wedge was driven into the German frontier on September 13, when American infantry and tanks crossed the border 10 miles south of Aachen into the Aachen Stadt Forest: after wearing down the German resistance, the first town in the Reich was captured—Roetgen. This picture was taken near Aachen, after engineers had blasted one of the first breaches in the boosted Siegfried Line: the spot at which these men are working soon afterwards became a roadway over which Allied armour passed deeper and deeper into the heart of the Reich

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 264

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Into Germany.—Allied troops crossed the frontier of Germany in some strength in the neighbourhood of Trier some time on September 11, 1944. The exact date and hour may be subject to revision for the purposes of history. The broad fact is established. Any student of war who can endure the dismal task of re-reading a long lustre of Nazi propaganda boasts and promises will find plenty of examples from the speeches and writings of Hitler, Göring and Goebbels of *piecrust*. Items: The British would never bomb Berlin. The Allies would never crack or scratch the Western Wall. The Russians as a military Power were liquidated. France would never rise again even as a second-rate nation. The territories of the Reich, old and new, were inviolable and permanent for a thousand years. *Piecrust* which looked impenetrably firm at the time of first boasting. Brave words! And, at the foot of this record, a note on our own brave words. We too did some boasting. I am glad to remember we did it in our hours of greatest danger, not in our hours of comparative security. We did not declare that British soil was inviolable. On the contrary, we promised that we would fight the Nazis on the beaches and in the streets of London. Those were "brave words" of a nobler and wiser category. But still as of old let us practise humility and render unto God the things that are God's. We have the right to be proud among men and nations. We have the duty to be humble before God and in our secret chamber.

"For frantic boast and foolish word,
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord."

A Guerilla End.—There is certainly colour for the view that this war will peter out in guerilla warfare inside the Reich, for it is difficult to see with what Government an armistice could be concluded, or to what authority inside the Reich the Allied military leaders could look for the enforcement of its conditions and for discipline among the conquered people. As long as there are Nazi leaders at large in the Reich, for so long will there be bodies of Nazi fanatics, from fifteen years old and upwards, prepared to sell their lives in insidious underground warfare against the occupying troops. The civilian population, in the main, may make a show of welcoming the Allied "liberators" and declare that they long for peace and detest Hitlerism, but it can hardly be expected that they will organise nationally to hunt down Nazism or give more than lip service to the Allied clean-up of Nazi Germany. The S.S. and Gestapo will die hard and their reputation for terror live long in the minds of that enslaved race. Thus it looks as if the Reich will be pacified peacemeal, that armistices will be locally won and maintained only by force of arms and constant vigilance, and that civilian and other commissions sent into occupied Germany will be very much on a war footing and will be well advised to walk the streets armed and wary, with full military precautions against bombs and booby traps. All these indications suggest that the Allies at home and abroad in Europe should resist that extreme optimism and confidence which throws its armour on the scrap-heap and sleeps with both eyes shut. There will be a bitter sting in the viper's tongue until its last wriggle is stilled.

Parliament and Mr. Sandys.—When Parliament reassembles, I risk the prophecy that there will be some questions put to Mr. Duncan Sandys. His exuberant confidence concerning the defeat of V1 certainly brought thousands of women and children back to London, where for a variety of reasons they were not wanted. Before the first rush was over and coped with, the plain facts

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN QUEBEC on his way to meet President Roosevelt. The Prime Minister and his party arrived at a small station at historic Wolfe's Cove, where the President (who had also arrived by special train) was waiting in his car to greet him. The actual meeting-place was almost beneath the famous Heights of Abraham. In this picture the Premier and Mrs. Churchill, accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie King, Canadian Prime Minister, are seen on their way to the President's car

concerning the housing conditions of London were made public and found to be very serious, and a few "incidents" revealed that the V-snake (or adder) was perhaps scotched, but not killed. But Mr. Sandys will apparently have the backing of the Government, if called on to answer his critics. Optimism is in the air breathed by his father-in-law and all concerned with the direction of our affairs in the Holy of Holies. The note sounded at Quebec, as in Whitehall, is one of great confidence that the war with Germany is practically all over, and that the time is not inappropriate for halloos and triumph-statistics. It is therefore unlikely that Mr. Sandys will receive an official snub for youthful and over-exuberant blabbing. The Premier's loyalty to his colleagues is a miracle of this war. The British public is never slow to follow any official lead to hat-throwing and hallooing. If Mr. Sandys has merely carried out to the letter the Government's policy of confidence and relaxation, we, the general public, may assume that the Government knows best, that no harm has been done, and very little harm need now be expected from Germany. If, on the other hand, Mr. Churchill's son-in-law receives a mild reprimand, we shall know that this is one more instance, out of many in the last five years, of embarrassment caused to the Government and of misleading information to the public, due to the urge to make public pronouncements which from time to time seduces junior Ministers.

A Gift Horse's Mouth.—It is ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth. The nation warmly appreciated the Government's fulfilment of its pledge to lift the burden-some restrictions and duties of war at the first possible moment, one by one, as security permitted. I think the nation was quite astonished by the *confidence* of the Government as revealed in some of these relaxations. They indicated—what was news to the public—that the military view to-day is that Nazi Germany is down and out as a military Power, as an air Power, even as a source of danger from V weapons. The scrapping of the Home Guard points to the first, the scrapping of fire-watching and the relaxation of Civil Defence Services and black-out to the second and third. We have faith in our Government, which by and large has served the nation with unexpected efficiency, and proved far-sighted and sympathetic in the main. Their confidence in our new security added greatly to the charm and value of these timous gifts and relaxations. The only possible ground for cavil or criticism lies in the return of that constantly irritating Government war-time habit—the two voices. No sooner had the voice of authority announced our new security than its other (cautious) voice began to send out warnings. As ever, we are alternately furnished with halloos and jeremiads. Now, if the Government has had one lesson seared on its soul these last years, it is that the evacuation classes from great cities will risk anything but almost certain death to avoid the horrors of existence in the English countryside even during a mellow autumn. The confident voice which practically eliminated the black-out positively invited the East End back to London, and the invitation was accepted. Whereupon, whether for security or for domestic-economy reasons, the second (or cautious) voice took up the tale with warnings of trouble still to come. It is irritating, and I can find excuses for the Press correspondents who have complained of this everlasting equivocation.

The Only Way.—I have long felt that there was only one way in which this world war could end, if we were to retain our sanity and balance and save the peace. That way could not be the sudden divine, but overwhelming, surprise of November 1918. If that old war still holds the record for carnage among our fighting men, this war holds, and will hold, the unenviable record of human suffering, world-wide, unspeakable, indelible. Such a war, such an event in world history, simply could not end suddenly. They say good news never kills. The sudden shock of relief of November 11, 1918, if it did not kill, most surely robbed many of us of our surviving sanity and balance. If this war ended with the sweeping and sudden stroke of the last, I think it would slay its thousands and send its millions mad. There is only one way—by preparation, by little and by little, by gradual relaxations of precautions, by the slow process of return to security and normality, by crumbs and sips for the starving and the thirsty. For the truth is, these last five years have packed-in a century of experience, a century of agony and anxiety and suffering. This war has proved that human beings can stand a lot, that human nature is tough—tougher than any scientist dreamed possible—but not so tough as to endure the good news of release at one fell swoop and to resume "normal existence" again after a stunned hour and a week of mafficking. There was only one way—victory and peace and security on the instalment system. A crumb, a pause, another crumb, for digestion's sake, for hungry, starved humanity. A sip and later another sip. A relaxation of the black-out, a promise of relief to the fire-watchers, an easing of the burden on the Home Guard. Even these sops are not easily digested; and beyond them on the groaning board stand feasts for Lucullus. We had long, long years of preparation of our minds and hearts to endure the unknown, undreamed-of trials and horrors of this war; and not less our minds and hearts need that same careful preparation to attune themselves to endure without cracking the relief and the release. In 1918 it came without preparation for our strained minds. And we lost our balance and lost the peace. This time we have elected to take the right way, the only way; and under God's providence we may save our sanity, our balance, our dignity and our peace.

A Medal for Home Service?—The Home Guard will have ceased to exist before the year ends. It will make its last official appearance at a farewell parade on October 28, when it will file past a saluting-base and receive, each man, the thanks of the King in printed form. Its training staffs and much of its equipment will be turned over to a national Cadet Corps which will catch and train in soldierly virtues all boys in the land—a most admirable decision. It is under consideration whether a medal might not be bestowed on the Home Guard for their long and valuable service to the country. The difficulties of decision are great, so many and so numerous are the defence organisations which have equal claims. Myself (I can speak disinterestedly) I should have thought there could be but one decision: Yes. What matter how many millions get this medal? In this instance, the more to receive it, the greater the national pride in the medal. The distribution will not cost the price of 5,000,000 hand-grenades; the services rendered and the historical events of this world war cry out for some tangible token, and it cannot be too widely bestowed. It is unthinkable that the A.-A. batteries, the C.D. Services, the observers and balloon staffs of blitzed areas, and the Home Guard of Southern England should not be so recognised, and since it is quite impossible to distinguish between one county and another, one town and another, all the home war Services should be included, male and female, uniformed or no. The war medals of the South African War will become a mere joke if no medal be allotted for war service at home during 1940-44. Every child in Southern England has faced more danger and called on more resolution than many a D.S.O., with Queen's and King's medals, of the South African War. The difficulties of selection no doubt are very great, but nothing to the embarrassment which would be created if no such award were made. For how could the Government and leaders in Service and civil departments accept the peace honours which will be theirs, if nothing tangible is done to recognise the services of the nation at home, by which (as they have often declared) all their efforts stood or fell? Of course the Home Guard and all the rest must have their war medal.

THE OLD STAGER

THE AVRE, ONE OF THE SPECIAL DEVICES INVENTED FOR INVASION TASKS ON THE CONTINENT, carrying its fascine in position for the bridging of ditches and streams

The NEW "MORTAR TANK"

First Pictures of a Powerful British Weapon, now being Used in France

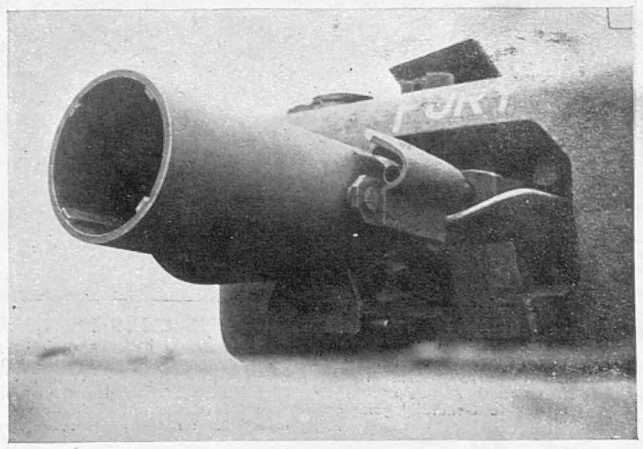
The work of designing and constructing the special devices necessary to breach the stupendous fortifications of the German "Atlantic Wall" on the Channel coast was put in hand by the War Office in 1943, under the direction of the Engineer-in-Chief. The main equipment of the Assault Royal Engineers, which contributed to the initial breach of the Wall, was the big armoured vehicle known as the **Avre—Assault Vehicle, Royal Engineers.** This powerful engine of war is, in general, similar to a Churchill tank. The interior was specially designed however, to accommodate a crew of engineers with specially guarded explosive charges for assault demolition.

The main armament of the Avre is a special mortar mounted in the turret: this weapon has characteristics entirely different from those mounted in other types of tank, and it can hurl a charge containing many times the weight of explosive of any other projectile of similar dimensions against concrete, steel or masonry It can also lay flexible tracks across marshy ground, or form a causeway across ditch and stream, by means of fascines—large rolls of chestnut palings.

These are the first pictures to be released of the new mortar tank, now operating in France, and its equipment

A FRONT VIEW OF AN AVRE moving up to the fighting line in France: its special mortar is mounted in front

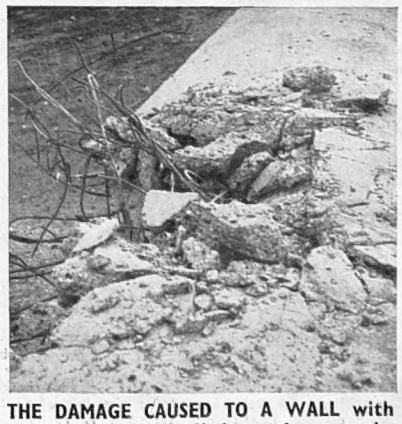
THE FASCINE HAS JUST BEEN RELEASED and has fallen into an anti-tank ditch so that other vehicles may follow



THE PETARD, OR SPECIAL MORTAR, mounted in the turret for the demolition of concrete masonry

THE FASCINES UNLOADED INTO THE DITCH now make it possible for the tanks to cross. A Churchill is here passing over

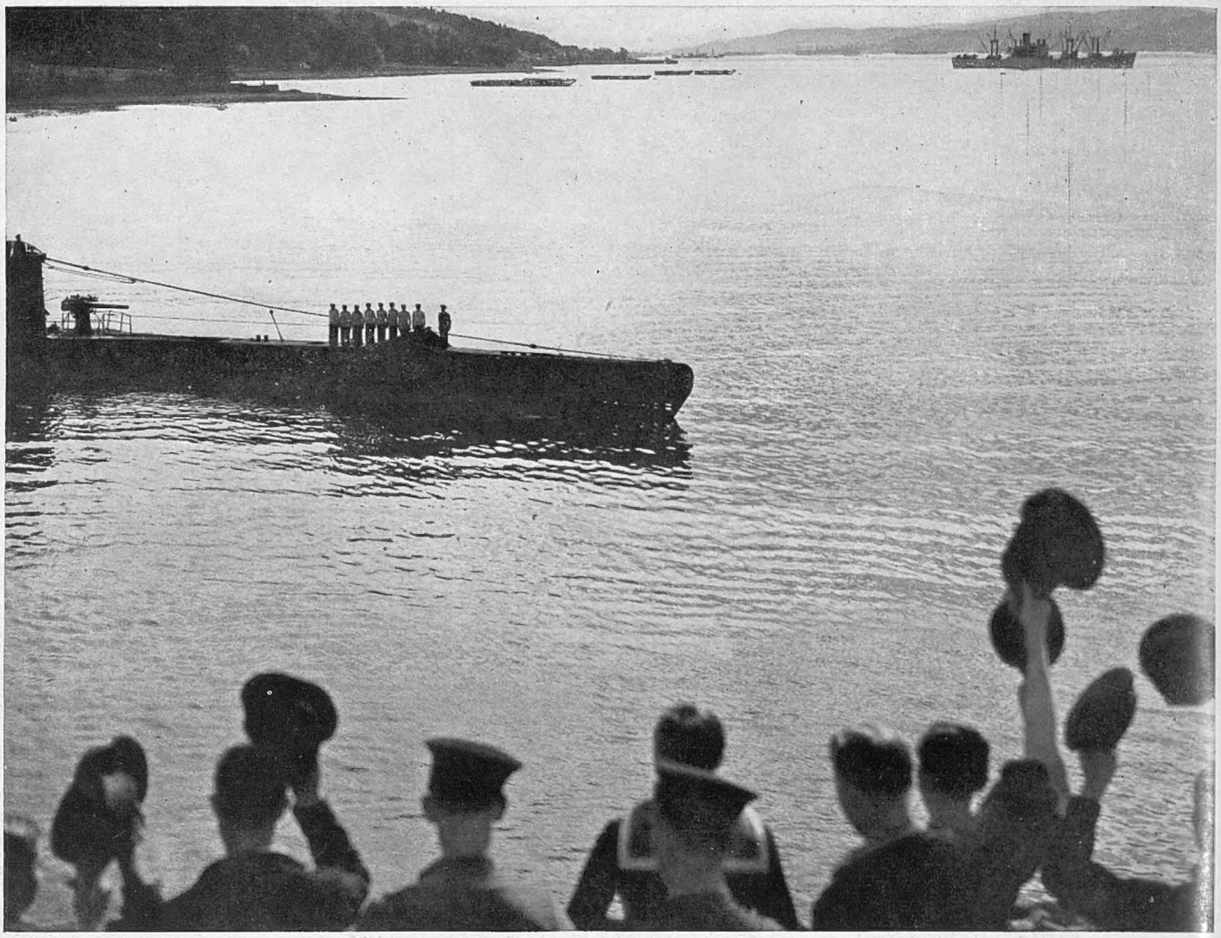
THE "FLYING DUSTBIN" fired from the petard against solid fortifications



THE DAMAGE CAUSED TO A WALL with "flying dustbins" from the petard

The RETURN of the SUBMARINE "ULTOR"

And Other War News - pictures

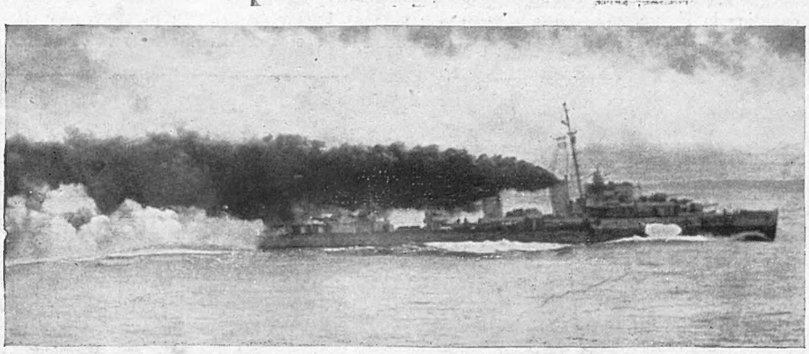


On right—For the past eighteen months the British submarine *Ultor* has been in the Mediterranean, where she has carried out some outstanding and successful patrols. Now she is back at her base in Britain, her homecoming being the occasion of a moving welcome from the men of the Submarine Depot Ship alongside which she berthed. The Jolly Roger of the *Ultor* was made by the nuns of Malta: it records the ships she torpedoed or sank by gun-fire, the bombardments she carried out against shore targets, and other, and secret, operations. *Ultor* is a vessel of the Ursula class, whose construction was only completed during the present war

A BRITISH SUBMARINE RETURNS TO HER BASE: As the submarine "Ultor" approaches her depot ship, she is given three rousing cheers, after an absence of eighteen months in the Mediterranean

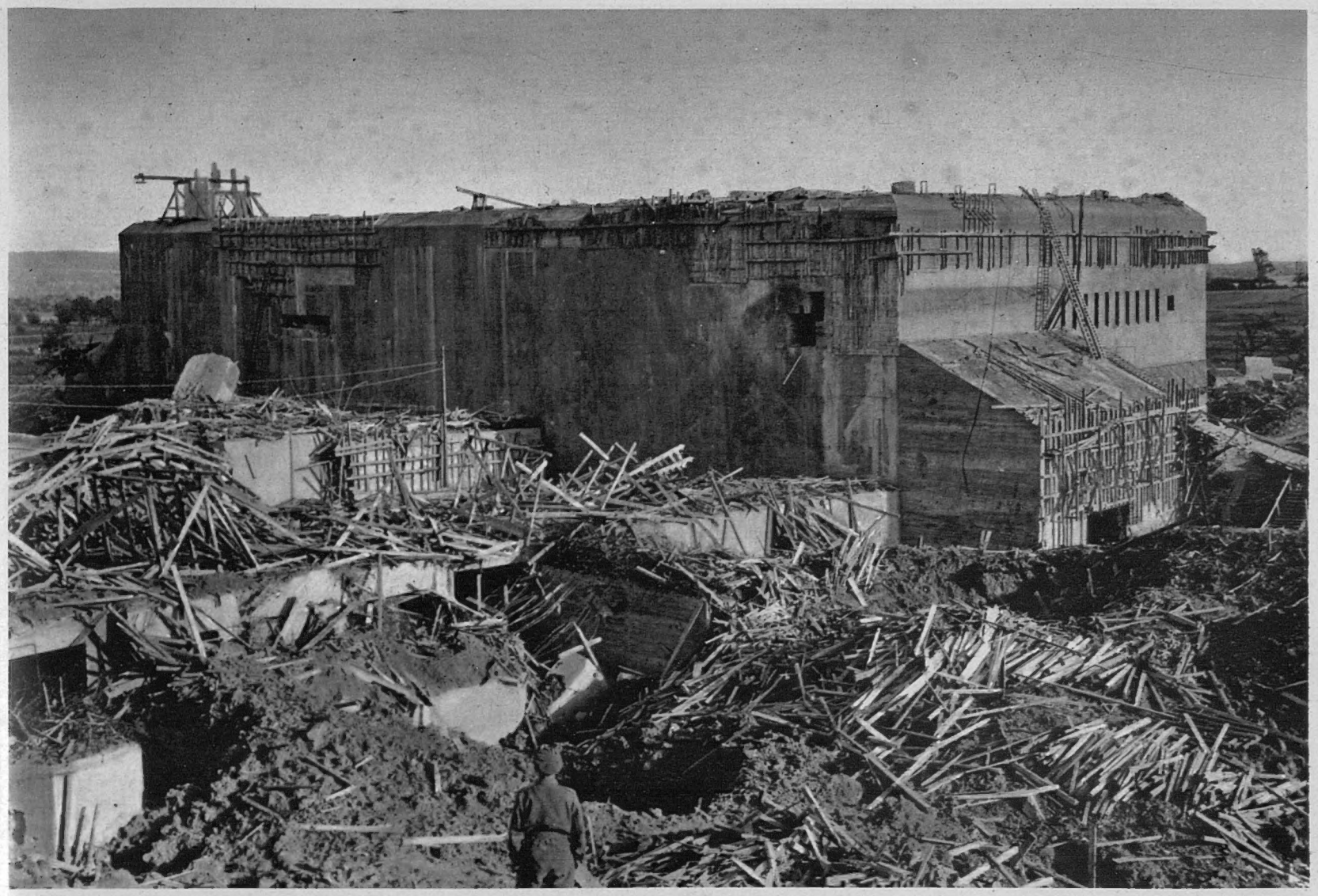
THE R.A.F. FLY THE FRENCH CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE HOME TO PARIS: One hundred members of the Committee have just been flown back to Paris from Algiers in Dakotas of R.A.F. Transport Command. For several days they had anxiously awaited the signal from General de Gaulle telling them to return. To carry them Air-Commodore Whitney Straight took a fleet of Dakotas from Cairo to Algiers and himself led the expedition to France. In this picture, the Air-Commodore is talking to General Ingold, one of the first Generals to join de Gaulle, while one of the aircraft is being loaded up for the flight at Algiers

THE FIVE-BLADED AIR SCREW APPEARS on the new Mark XIV Spitfire: By fitting this five-bladed propeller to the Rolls-Royce Griffon engine (of over 2,000 h.p.), the new Mark XIV becomes the most powerful Spitfire now in service with the R.A.F. It has an operational ceiling of 40,000 ft., and was one of the aircraft recently employed to combat the flying bomb



AFTER THE BATTLESHIP "WARSPITE" HAD HAMMERED THE GERMANS AT BREST: Squeezed up in the tip of the Brest Peninsula, behind a girdle of land forts, is an army of elite German fighters. In this narrow space the Army could not take these steel and concrete forts, commanding all the land approaches, except at terrific cost. So the Navy was asked to lend a hand. H.M.S. *Warspite* was detailed for the job of their obliteration. This picture was taken after she had accomplished her task: *Warspite* is retiring under cover of a smoke-screen put up by the Canadian destroyer *Assiniboine*. Later the same night the Nazi radio claimed that a British ship had been sunk during the operation

THE YUGOSLAV PARTISANS SET OUT ON A RAID: Just before dusk, streaming down one of the many small bays on the coast of the island of Vis, came parties of singing Partisans, to embark upon a raid on their homeland. They piled on board a small schooner captured from the Germans, each man and woman carrying as much ammunition as possible. They cast off and sailed away into the darkness to carry out another bold stroke against the enemy's lines of retreat from the Balkans back into Germany

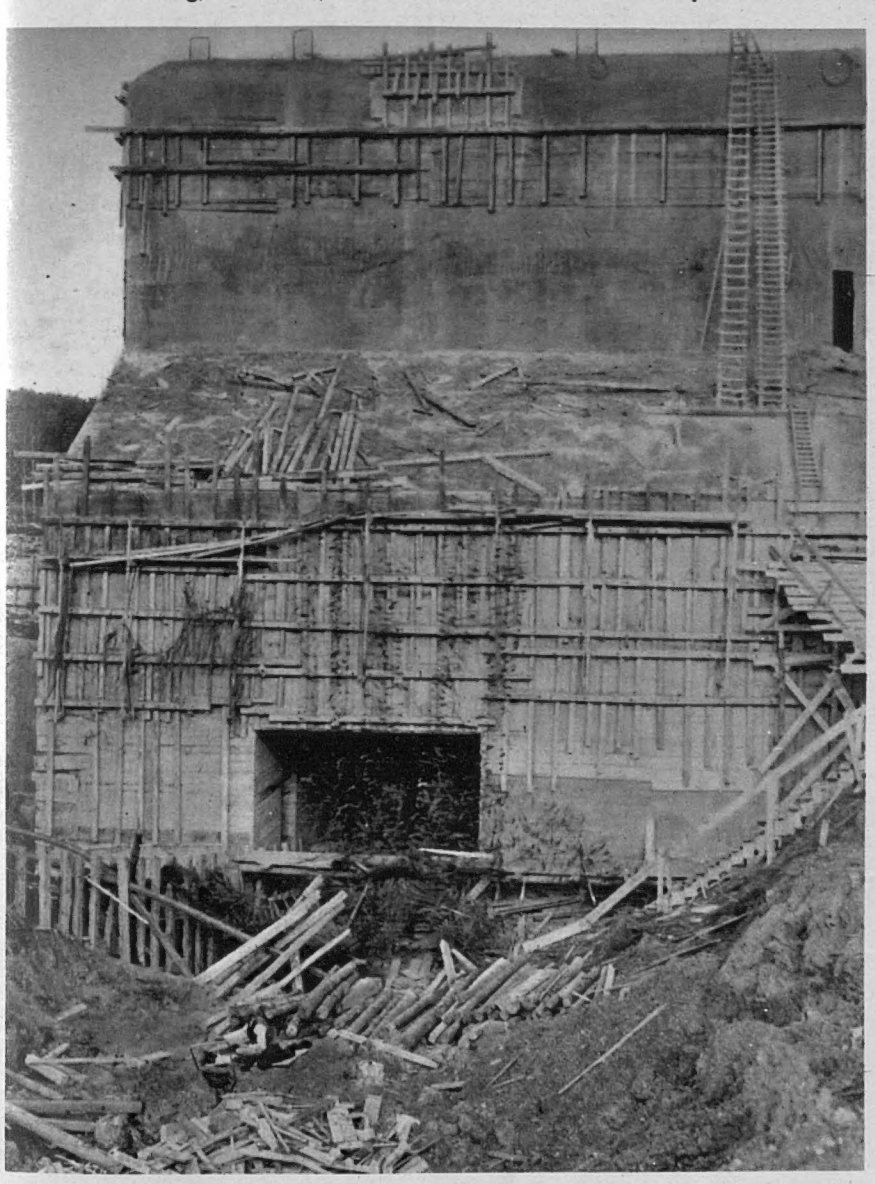


A VIEW OF THE MASSIVE CONCRETE BUILDING, as seen from across the bomb-wrecked foundations of the first building, at Watten, near St. Omer. It was attacked by the R.A.F. thirty-three times

V-WEAPON BASE

The Great Structure at Watten, near St. Omer—"to Burn London"?

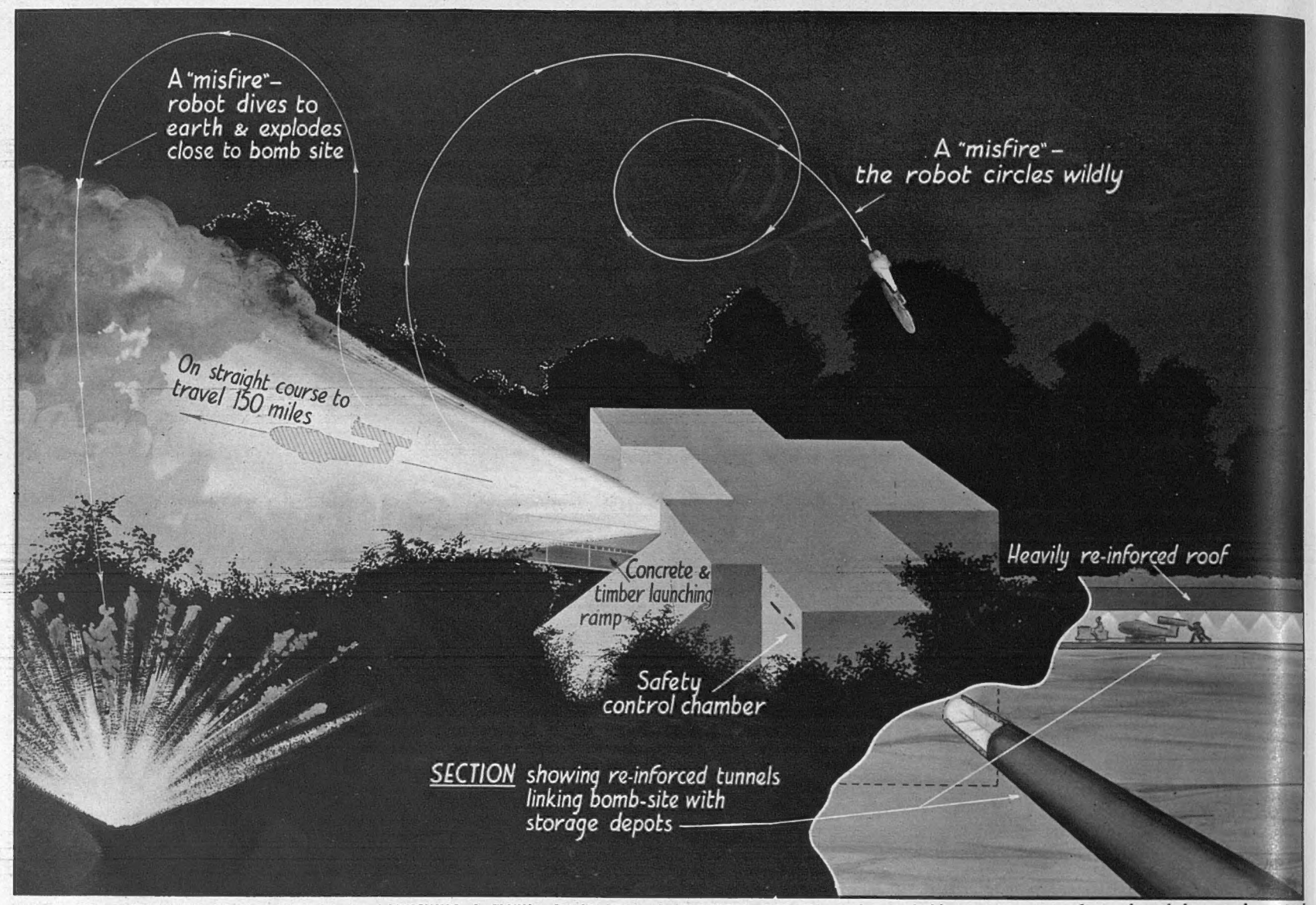
Many references have been made during recent weeks to the German experimental long-range V-weapon base at Watten, near St. Omer. Here are the first pictures to be shown of this great construction. Believed by people living in the neighbourhood to be an installation to destroy London by fire, the huge main building is still intact internally, despite thirty-three heavy attacks by the R.A.F. The oblong building is of extremely strong reinforced concrete: it is about 300 ft. long by 200 ft. wide, and 50 ft. high, extending another 20 ft. underground. A railway runs through the centre. The walls are 14 ft. thick and the roof 20 ft. The building has three storeys, all without windows, but pipes provide the necessary ventilation. Concrete tunnels connected the main structure with its surrounding concrete blockhouses, now destroyed by bombings. The area around was pitted with bomb-craters. One of the ideas the neighbours gleaned from remarks made by some of the 5,000 Todt workers engaged was that the building was for a device to stop planes in the air; another statement was that a powerful generator was to be installed to jam British radiolocation. The building was started in 1941, but the R.A.F. forced the Germans to abandon it. A new building was then built alongside the first foundations



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE MYSTERY BUILDING AT WATTEN: Earth has been blasted away from its sides by one of the many R.A.F. bombs dropped on the site. Five thousand Todt workers were engaged at this spot

LOOKING THROUGH THE 300-FT. STRUCTURE, giving some idea of the thickness of its walls. Just inside can be seen the slot where 6-ft.-thick steel doors slide across the entrance

b



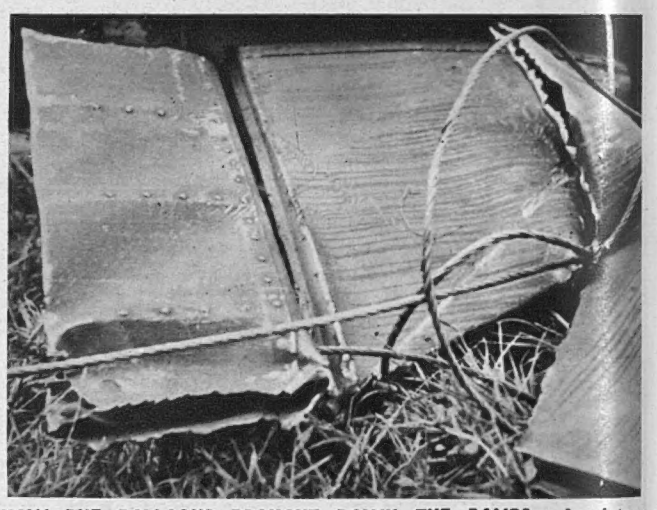
AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE METHOD OF LAUNCHING A FLYING BOMB FROM A CONCRETE SHELTER: the probable arrangement of supply, shelter and control rooms is indicated, together with the system of reinforced tunnels beneath the ground for linking bomb-launching site with storage depots. The flight of faulty bombs and of "misfires" is also indicated—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

HOW THE FLYING-BOMB WAS BEATEN

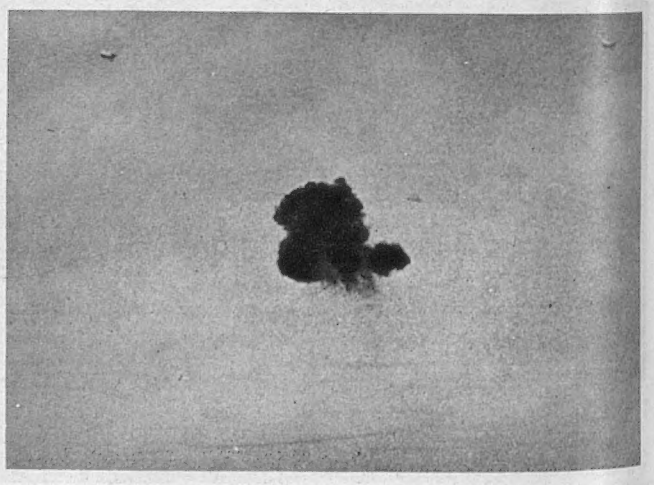
With the Aid of a Giant Balloon Barrage Erected at the Approaches to London

One of the weaknesses of the flying bomb was the high proportion which failed to become airborne properly. Some are reported to have flown straight up into the air after launching: they have then dived down abruptly, exploding on contact with the ground. Others have swooped round in circles, eventually descending in the same manner. Quite a large proportion of those which did take off successfully were definitely shot down by our fighters over France. Many of the launching crews were killed through the bombs exploding before they got off the ground. The general layout of the launching sites is indicated in the drawing: in most cases, the buildings and underground tunnels were constructed of heavy concrete. Each launching was planned and directed from deeply-entrenched pill-boxes. One site was described by an officer as resembling the foundations for another Boulder Dam! Two other sites were of equally gigantic proportions, with an elevated concrete ramp about 70 ft. wide, 50 ft. thick and between 700 and 750 ft. long

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE WHERE THE FIRST FLYING BOMB WAS BROUGHT DOWN BY A BALLOON. It crashed to the ground, where it exploded and caused the crater seen in the background. The barn in the foreground was demolished as the result of the blast

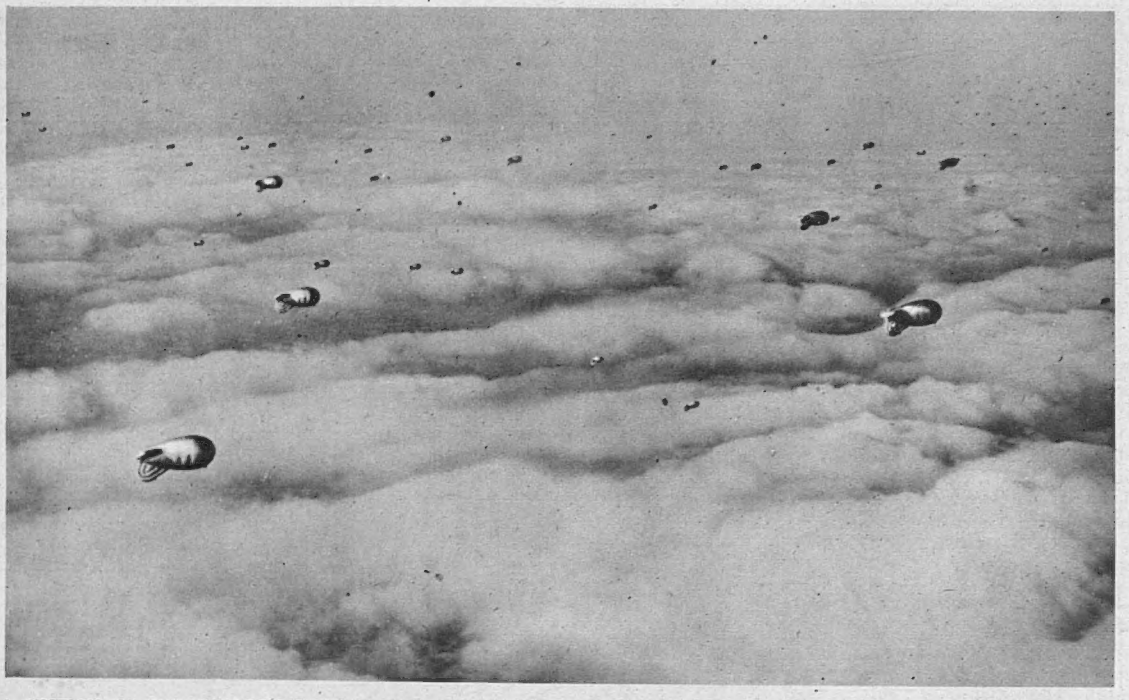


HOW THE BALLOONS BROUGHT DOWN THE BOMBS: A picture taken on an R.A.F. defence site when a flying bomb crashed into one of the balloon cables. The latter wound itself round one wing, causing it to crash to the ground. Note how the cable has cut into the metal of the flying bomb

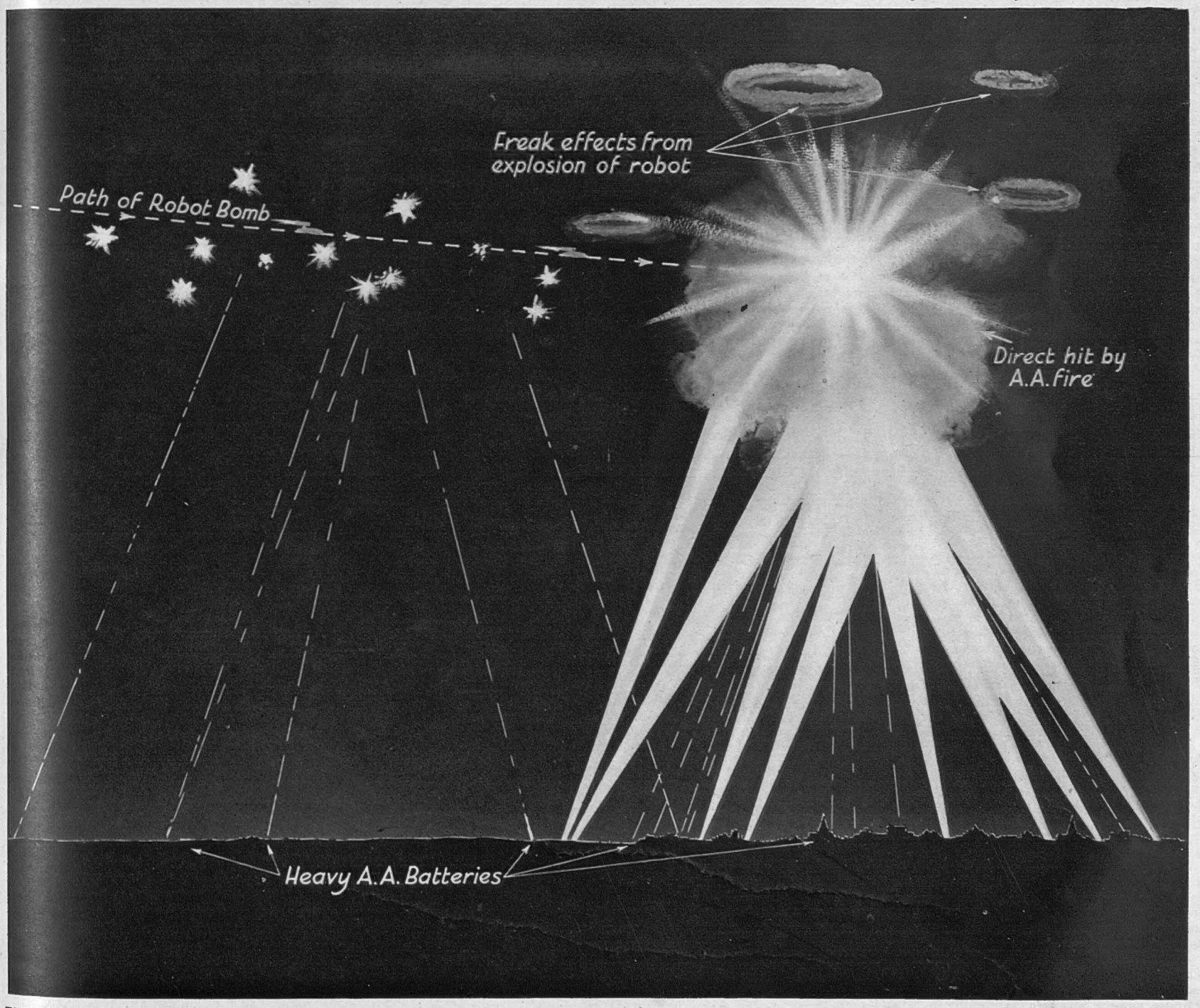


AFTER IT HAD BEEN CAUGHT BY A CABLE. A mid-air explosion of a flying bomb caught by the barrage in daylight, and the cloud of black smoke which marked its discharge

ATTACHING A PARACHUTE BAG TO A BALLOON CABLE. When a flying bomb struck the cable, the parachute at once opened and helped to "anchor" it to offer immediate resistance to the missile and to bring about its destruction



A SECTION OF THE BALLOON DEFENCE PUT UP AGAINST THE FLYING BOMB. Balloons stretch as far as the eye can see in this greatest barrage that has ever been put into the air: The planning of its development was supervised personally by the A.O.C. Balloon Command, Air Vice-Marshal Gell. At the height of the flying-bomb menace there were nearly 2,000 balloons in an area to the south-east of London. They were brought to the south of England from every part of Britain. Some came from Scapa Flow and were rushed by sea to the London docks. The balloons destroyed 278 flying bombs. Balloon Command was given eighteen days to complete the initial deployment of the first 500 balloons: the task was completed in five days



THE END OF A FLYING BOMB: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE ROBOT, which explodes in mid-air and creates huge "smoke-rings," a freak effect often observed in the night sky during the Battle of Southern England—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

Whilst the flying bombs were coming over Southern England, the most wonderful effects were witnessed at night by watchers on the South Coast. Searchlights and anti-aircraft batteries worked in unison, the former following the swiftly-moving missile while the gunners put up a barrage in its path. The track of the bomb could be followed with the naked eye owing to the luminous "exhaust" created by the jet-propulsion unit. When a direct hit was scored, a vivid flash would light up the whole sky: huge "smoke-rings" would then become apparent exactly as indicated in the drawing above. These circular vortex-rings are a phenomenon associated with artillery discharges

A NEW HOLLAND out of the YEARS OF RESISTANCE

The Dutch "Under-Divers" and the Dutch Nazis, and the Hopes of Both Parties when the German Occupation Ends.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE Montgomery-Horrocks team has a way of putting one's writings out of date before they appear. It happened to me a fortnight ago (when, contrary to the normal peevishness, how glad one was to be rivers behind), and now there 's a strong chance that some of this article about Holland may be similarly demoded by the swift passage of events.

For instance, here are two questions the answers to which we may know any day: How effective will the Nazi anti-invasion measures prove? And what degree of additional damage and loss will the liberation of Holland entail?

In announcing the Nazi project to flood large parts of the western provinces, the *Haagsche Post* said that "little imagination is needed to realise that this is a catastrophe for our people. Thousands will be drowned, towns will be cut off from supplies, epidemics will break out and fleeing masses block all traffic to the east." Here are other moves which the Nazis have made—round-up of reserve officers; no private telephoning; "sterilisation" of wireless sets (only capable of receiving home stations); mining of all large buildings liable to be used as resistance nests; suppression of a large part of the police force and its duties taken over by the notorious *Landwacht*, which is the Dutch equivalent of Darnand's former Militia that is coming to such a sticky end in France.

The *Landwacht*—literally "Home Guard"—is composed of the worst elements of the Dutch Nazi Party. Membership of this is about 100,000, or rather more than 1 per cent. of the population, and of these 30,000 joined the German Army in the S.S. volunteer divisions. Of late, the real "Führer" has been Max Blockzil, instead of the engineer-politician Mussert, who left for north Holland when General Dempsey's troops crossed the Albert Canal, so very close to the Dutch main centres. The Dutch S.S. lost fairly heavily in Russia, but, along with the criminal *Landwacht*, may yet muster 30,000 or 40,000, and the two may be a stiff nut to crack, having nothing to expect from their countrymen, who kill them whenever they can lay hands on them, and in all manner of circumstances.

This hard core of traitors, presumably all now on a war footing inside Holland, should come up against instant attack by the *Underduiken* when the Allied flood bursts. The "Under-divers" are the indigenous "Maquis," scores of thousands of men of all conditions, though preponderantly working-class, who either ducked transport to Germany as labour slaves or deliberately returned from that country to join the underground. The "Under-divers" are the violent end of the Resistance, active membership of which is placed in the region of 250,000, though this includes everybody: men, women and adolescents carrying on unsuspected at home as well as those who have dived under—a more difficult operation in an over-populated, flat and often featureless country like Holland than in France or elsewhere.

Few Dutch families are without their "Under-diver" who is secretly fed and clothed. The main difficulties have been over ration-cards, though these can sometimes be carried off in thousands, and flooding, which removed the safest hiding-places on outlying farms. Notwithstanding, the "Under-divers" have managed to keep on at the triple task of wrecking, hunting and killing quislings, and running the underground Press. They are expected to deal speedily with as many German adherents as possible when the moment comes to strike.

Dutch resistance has been a rising affair ever since the bombing of Rotterdam in May 1940. That cooked the Master Race's goose in Holland. The opening gambit was for Dutch scientists and technicians to deny the Germans full use of the factories. The iron- and steelworks at Velzen and oft-bombed Ymuiden, the great Philips electrical industry at Eindhoven, so near our poise for German entry, and the diamond-cutting trade offered cases in point. What might have been valuable prizes never passed as such to the Nazis. A number of Philips' scientists met death rather than disclose secrets, and that the brave work still goes on is shown by the recent execution of a leading Hague contractor, Jan Flier, who put inferior materials in the Hun fortifications.

The Dutch have also done a good deal to prevent the Germans using the vital inland waterways. Barges have rammed locks "by accident," and troops and equipment have been delayed in reaching the Western Front. But perhaps the greatest success has been achieved in journalism. For it can safely be said that the two chief underground newspapers, *Vrij Nederland* and *Het Parcol*, with circulations of from 40,000 to 80,000 but getting into infinitely more hands, are to-day summoning the future Holland, as they have been the main pillars of resistance in the past two years.

The London Government has constantly heeded the home underground, with the expected consequence that jolts will be less than elsewhere when it comes to the great restart. A notable instance concerned the London intention to install military rule for eighteen months. This was turned right down over in Holland and has since been discarded. The Resistance demands the immediate creation of representative organs to operate until the Parliamentary system can function normally once again. Meanwhile, complete obedience to the returned Government and Allied military control. Full restoration of Press freedom is the other principal instance.

The Dutch resistance groups consider that the main political parties (fourteen all told) have simply grown to be archaic, on account of the reasons which brought them into being having long lapsed, and they wish to see convened with some urgency a Parliament composed in part of members of the old Estates General and partly of persons chosen from their own ranks. While Dutch Conservatism may become more vocal after liberation, without any doubt radical social changes are intended as a result of years of underground cohesion. The strong religious trend, finding ethical rather than sectarian outlet, should be another influence against what is called "doing things too quickly."

But first things first, and the initial moves will be to reinstate all the 1940 State and municipal functionaries, to organise food and relief and to plan the resettlement of at least 600,000 citizens, deported, imprisoned or uprooted. A recent liberation produced some surprises in the food line, and it may be the same felicitous experience in Holland. But the uprooted Dutch will present a real problem, not least the very great number of families moved from the coast and from the interior in order to make room for Germans fleeing from the Ruhr and Rhineland.

Immediate repairs and reconstruction may call for an interim State Labour Service, although full trade-union rights will be at once restored. Then there are the armed forces. Holland is carrying on against Japan, which seized nearly all of the Dutch Empire, and considerable aerial, naval and Marine expansions are intended. Domestically, the Dutch propose to put up their quislings for quick trial, having specially revived the death sentence. The Dutch take the whole question of war criminals very seriously—maybe with a Doorn pang of conscience—and one suggestion is for international tryings at the Hague Carnegie Palace.

The intention is to go after the Germans in right realistic fashion. The Foreign Minister has formally stated that should the Germans ruin large parts of Holland by flooding to cover their decamping, corresponding sectors of adjacent German territory will be seized and held indefinitely, and this might also serve as the Dutch part in the occupation of the Reich.

Coming to the New Holland, here is the summons: "Who will be better able to promote freedom than those who knew slavery? Who cry out more urgently for justice than those who saw the victory of terror and barbarism? Who know better the needs of social responsibility than those who suffered so greatly through negligence? Now the time has come. Years have been lost—centuries may be won!"

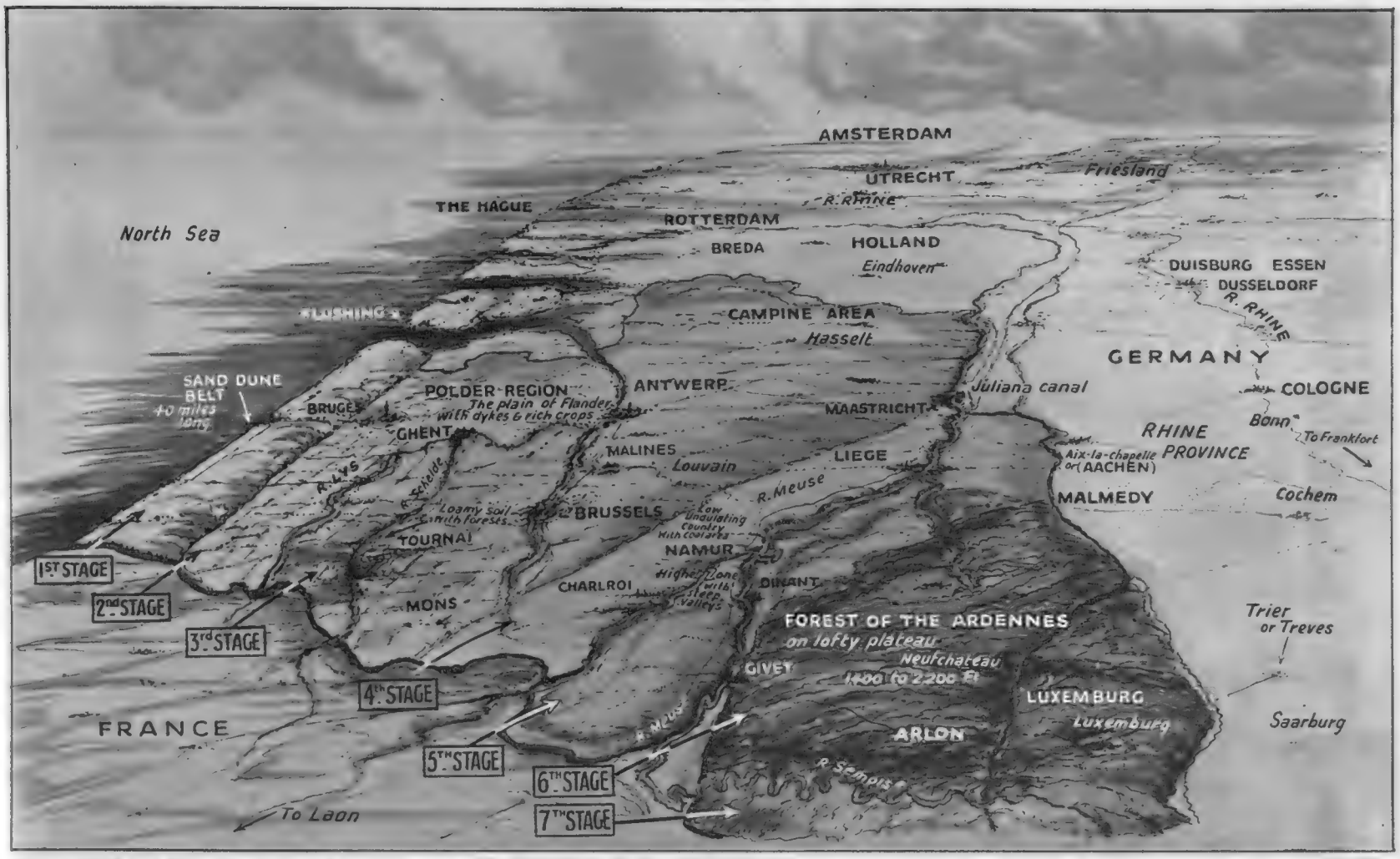
At the top, the House of Orange will come through with renewed prestige, thanks mainly to the sturdy, practical and day-to-day job done by the Queen, who came out of her shell after more than fifty years' reign. Maturity here put youth in a back seat. But the Dutch decline to tolerate a renewal of the 1937 Parliament. Two years younger than ours, it is as little welcome and for the same reasons: quite unrepresentative and too bewhiskered. In Holland, the average age of M.P.s is over sixty.

The Resistance has drawn up a whole programme of rebirth. This demands, among other things, confiscation of all war profits and that future production shall be governed, not by the producers' profit, but the consumers' need. In the international field, "the Dutch State should be prepared to accept the limitation of its sovereignty which, after the war, may be required of every State in the interest of an international community." On the particular plan, a Customs, economic and monetary union with Belgium and Luxembourg may be tried and, if successful, might be extended to the two empires.

When such ties exist, countries coalesce whether they like it or not, and so there could be much stranger appearances on the future map of Europe than a new, medium-sized State of 17,000,000 inhabitants right on our doorstep and, fortunately, most well disposed to Britain. The Low Countries are complementary in industry and agriculture. We may yet see a form of western union of Britain, France and the Low Countries, totalling 106,000,000—and how many more beyond the seas?—a sound answer to Germany's deliberate attempt to leave all her neighbours as weak as possible.

BRITISH INFANTRY APPROACH THE DUTCH FRONTIER. Expanding their bridgehead over the Albert Canal (in spite of increasing enemy resistance), the British some days ago reached Helchteren, which lies north of Hasselt and which is only a few miles from Holland. This picture was taken as German mortars were exploding along the road beyond Helchteren

THE FIRST AMERICAN HEAVY GUNS TO FIRE INTO GERMANY: A battery of American 155-mm. self-propelled guns, mounted on Sherman tank chassis, were the first heavies to fire into Germany proper. The target was in the village of Bildohen, where the cross-roads are believed to be part of the Siegfried Line. Bildohen is six kilometres south-west of Aachen, on the road from Liége. The guns opened their barrage with twenty-one rounds of high-explosive shells, each of which weighed 100 lb.

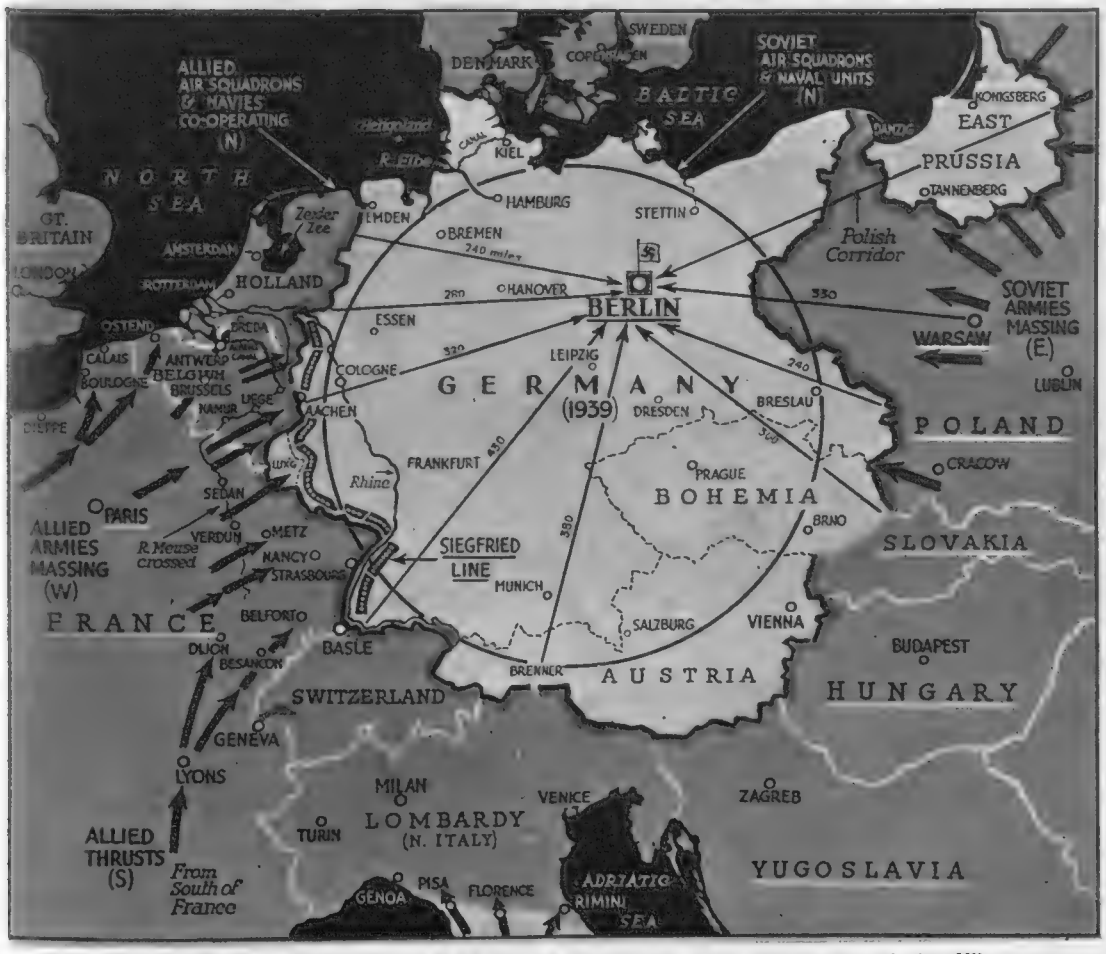


THE SEVEN ZONES OF BELGIUM: THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE ALLIED COLUMNS ADVANCED AFTER THE CROSSING OF THE SEINE AND SOMME RIVERS. It can be divided into seven different areas, gradually ascending from the dune country fringing the coast to the lofty and wooded forests of the Ardennes overlooking the Rhine Provinces of Germany. From west to east these areas are: 1—the sand-dune belt, 40 miles long, which stretches from the French to the Dutch borders; 2—the polder region, of dikes and rich farm lands; 3—the Plain of Flanders and the Campine, a wide, sandy area; 4—the region of low, undulating hills of Brabant, with large farms and dotted with coalfields; 5—the higher zone beyond the Meuse, with steep valleys and rocky streams; 6—the Forest of the Ardennes, a series of lofty plateaux, marshes and forests; 7—the limestone district of Arlon, sheltered by the Ardennes to the north. The whole country rises steadily from west to east across these seven successive stages

A NEW TERRAIN
for the Allied Armies in Belgium
The Seven Regions Into Which the Country is Naturally Divided

Belgium has a population of nearly 9,000,000 and an area of about 11,370 square miles, almost exactly equal to that of the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham and Yorkshire combined.

The country rises in a succession of seven stages from the sea coast on the north-west to the low mountains of the Ardennes on the south-east. Each is roughly parallel to the other. First in order, fringing the North Sea, comes a belt of sand dunes about 40 miles in length.



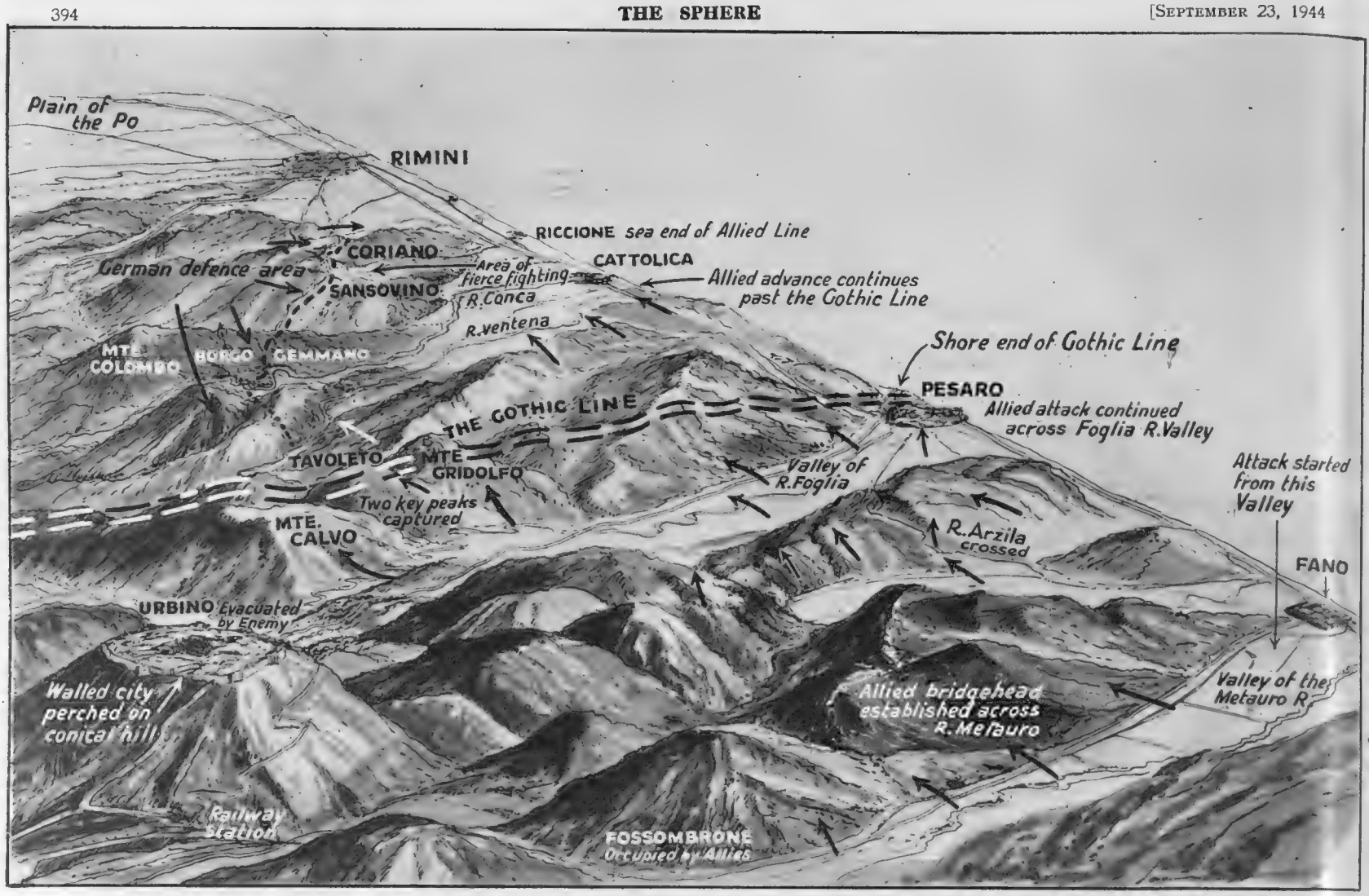
THE COMBINED ASSAULT ON GERMANY'S "HOLY FATHERLAND," on which the armies of the Allies are now converging from west, south, east and north-east. The only part of the Reich which is still free from menace is the north, where it is protected by the waters of the Baltic

WIRELESS SETS BELONGING TO BELGIANS LIVING IN BRUSSELS who were caught by the Gestapo listening to the B.B.C. programmes during the occupation. The owners were imprisoned and their confiscated sets were stacked up in the Gestapo Headquarters in the capital

Inland of this lies the region of polders, a band of reclaimed territory at or below sea-level, protected by dikes and traversed by raised causeways, and yielding rich crops from a heavy clayey soil. Inland again is a wide expanse of sandy soil, extending from east to west almost continuously across Belgium. The eastern tract of this, covering the north-eastern portions of the provinces of Antwerp and Limburg, is called the Campine. The western tract of sand is the celebrated Plain of Flanders.

Passing eastwards, the sand becomes loamy; finally it gives place to loam. The hills, though low, shut in the horizon, and there are great forests, principally of beech. This is the Brabant country. Then comes a region only second in importance to the Flemish Plain, the coal-bearing district which runs across Belgium on the north side of the line of the Rivers Sambre and Meuse. In modern industry, it leads the rest. It is here that the principal industrial centres are located, and it is here that the dense manufacturing population lives in a number of small towns and villages. The rivers provide water-carriage for its coal and heavy goods.

Beyond the river-line another and loftier zone stretches from west to east; its highest hills exceed 1,000 ft. Farther again, still proceeding away from the sea, the country climbs higher and reaches a sterner zone, the forest of the Ardennes. It averages nearly 1,400 ft. in height. Beyond it a descent is made finally to a smaller region, the last of the seven main tracts running from west to east, the limestone district of Arlon, sheltered from the north by the Ardennes and yielding an easier living to a people who alone in Belgium speak not French or Flemish, but a Low-German dialect.



THE BRITISH SMASH THROUGH AT THE EASTERN END OF THE GOTHIC LINE and pierce the German defences right up to the edge of the Plain of the River Po. How this great advance was achieved after the crossing of the Metauro and Foglia Rivers—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The BREAKING of the GOTHIC LINE

And the Crossing of the Foglia River on the Adriatic Side of Italy

By a tremendous, all-out attack the Allies broke through the much-talked-of Gothic Line on September 2, for a length of 20 miles. It was a splendid achievement, for the enemy had spent nearly a year on building up the defences of this line, which was to be one of the main walls of the Fortress of Europe.

The Line was erected on the narrowest portion of the long peninsula, running from above Pisa, then to Lucca and Pistoia, and through the rugged Apennines down to Rimini, on the Adriatic. The massive concrete fortified areas and the elaborate anti-tank devices took longer to construct than the Siegfried Line, necessitating the use of about 1,000,000 workmen. Before the attack could begin, troops, guns, tanks, innumerable vehicles had to be massed at the striking-point, which meant long and tortuous travel through mountainous country having few roads. The battle which culminated in the break-through began on August 26, when the Metauro River was crossed and a good bridgehead established on a 12-mile front, lying along the road from Fano to Fossombrone. The beautiful Renaissance town of Urbino, situated on a conical hill among the mountains, to the north-west of Fossombrone, was found to be deserted by the enemy on August 29. Fano and Fossombrone were occupied, the River Arzilla crossed and the high ground commanding the River Foglia captured by August 30. By September 1 the Eighth Army was on the north bank of the Foglia, preparing for the final smashing blow against the keypoints of Monte Calvo and Monte Gridolfo; on the 2nd the break-through was achieved and the enemy was retreating to the Conca River, hoping to stand there. The Canadians captured Misano, and the British infantry and tanks advanced over the Conca towards the ridge of Coriano on September 5, and the following day the seaside resort of Riccione Marina, 6 miles from Rimini, was taken

IN THE HEART OF THE GOTHIC LINE: This defence position was taken by men of an English county regiment after the crossing of the Foglia

IN THE HILLS FORMING PART OF THE LINE: This dug-in tank turret was held by Germans who later withdrew with their gun under pressure. In the background is a Churchill tank

BARGES SUNK BY THE GERMANS AT PESARO, to deny the Allied forces the use of the Canal. In an effort to break contact with the Eighth Army in the Pesaro sector, the retreating Germans carried out heavy demolitions on the main coastal road. British and Indian Royal Engineers, however, did magnificent work repairing bridges, constructing diversions and maintaining a steady rate of progress for the troops. This was the scene which confronted them at the Canal on arrival in Pesaro

The CROSSING of the FOGLIA RIVER

A BRITISH 17-POUNDER ANTI-TANK GUN of an anti-tank regiment of the R.A. negotiates a track down to the river after it had been cleared by bulldozers

TOWED BY A HALF-TRACK VEHICLE, the anti-tank guns cross a ford over the Foglia. This was the first obstacle at the foot of the Gothic Line

On left—**A BRITISH SELF-PROPELLED 25-POUNDER GUN—a Sexton—fording the Foglia.** *On right*—**ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN AT THE FORD as British artillery crossed over.** Following secret preparations, which seemed to have taken the Germans completely by surprise, the Eighth Army launched a big attack at the eastern end of the Gothic Line (known to the Germans as the "Göring Line") on August 26. The first obstacle facing them was the River Foglia, which flows at the foot of the hills along which the Line has been constructed The Eighth Army swept through Isola del Piano on the following day, and by September 1 had made a deep penetration in the last German prepared defence line south of the line of the River Po

On right—**THE NAVY JOIN IN THE ASSAULT ON THE GOTHIC LINE, and shell the Germans on the last ridge before Rimini**

Drawing by Wm. McDowell

After the break-through at the Gothic Line fierce fighting raged along the last ridge of the Apennines, which runs from the little fishing village of Abissinia (on the outskirts of Riccioni, six miles south of Rimini) to the town of Coriano, five miles inland, which commands two roads running into the plains. The ridge was strongly defended by German paratroops. The Royal Navy intervened in the battle for Rimini, key to the Po Valley and the Lombardy Plain, the destroyers *Loyal* and *Urchin* bombarding enemy batteries, transport and troop movements in the area. The scene as the warships closed the Italian shore is depicted in the drawing on the right. The *Loyal* is one of the Laforey class completed in 1940: she is of 1,920 tons displacement and mounts 4·7-in. guns. The *Urchin* is an even newer type of vessel

MOSQUITOES TO THE ATTACK: A GERMAN TRAIN HIT BY BOMBS AND CANNON-FIRE breaks in half whilst crossing the River Somme near Amiens—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* During the big German retreat through Northern France, Mosquitoes of the Second Tactical Air Force harassed the enemy without cessation, attacking railway transport up to the borders of Germany itself, and flying sometimes even through storms and clouds. A train hit by bombs and cannon-fire was seen to split into two parts at a crossing of the River Somme between Amiens and St. Valery, as depicted by Mr. Davies in his drawing above. But this was only one dramatic incident out of many reported

THE WAR BY AIR

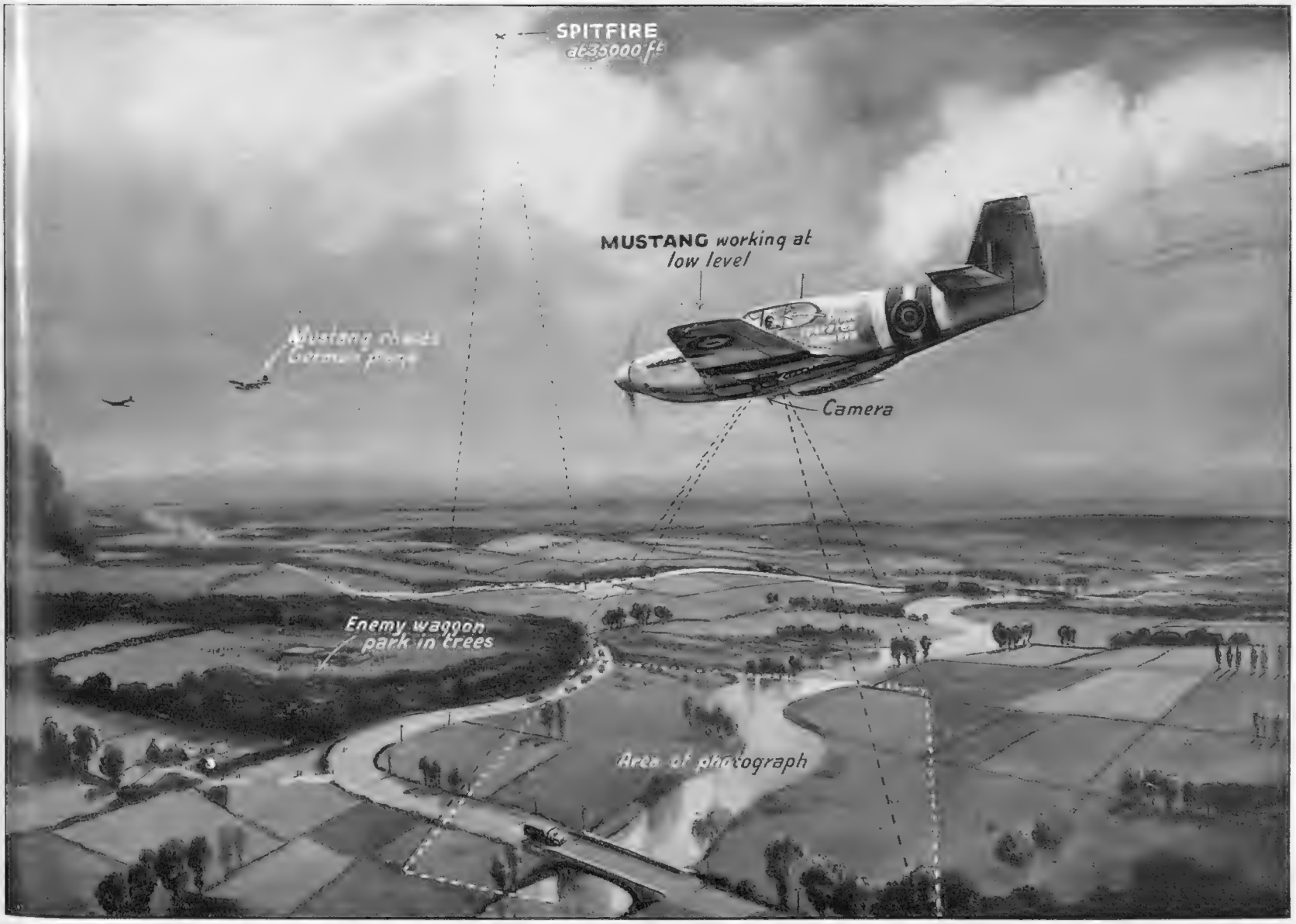
The Work of the Photographic Aircraft of the R.A.F.: The Rocket-assisted Havoc Bomber: and other Recent Developments

ROCKET-POWER TO ASSIST ALLIED BOMBERS IN THEIR TAKE-OFF: As this Douglas Havoc bomber soars upwards, spurts of flame and smoke stream out from rockets under its wings. These are used as a means of helping heavily-laden aircraft into the air. The rockets were originally developed to lift heavy loads from short front-line runways; but the latter are not now being used in tactical operations as they are found to be impractical when aircraft which have been shot up by flak attempt to land on them. For planes such as the Havoc, however, the rockets have been found to be successful: they are equipped with the field type of take-off unit, with a nozzle emitting gaseous flames from the rear of the engine nacelle. The rockets are operated until the plane is airborne and the landing gear has been retracted

FLARES GO DOWN BY NIGHT during an attack on a German U-boat: The submarine, which had been lying in wait for our invasion fleet, was sunk by a Sunderland of Coastal Command after it had been stalked by two Liberators. This night picture was taken during the attack. The three large balls of light are flares which were dropped by the Sunderland to light up the U-boat. The outline of the latter can be seen amid the swirling foam in the bottom left of the picture

SIX MILES A MINUTE AND SEVEN MILES UP: A SPITFIRE ON PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY FINDS THE TARGET PARTIALLY OBSCURED BY CLOUD. Often three or four sorties had to be made to cover one small strip of countryside during the survey carried out immediately before the Invasion—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Since the war reconnaissance pilots have taken more than 500,000,000 photographs of Germany, France and Denmark, flying at anything from 10 ft. to 40,000 ft. Reconnaissance units also fight: they got the first German fighter on D-Day, and knocked down a number of others. Six miles a minute at seven miles altitude! That was the routine for the team of specialist pilots who took advantage of every cloudless sky to photograph Hitler's "European fortress." Not an inch of a 3,000-mile coastline was neglected; and from nearly 500,000 photographs experts pie ced together the mosaic. The pilots are seldom publicly mentioned. Their tasks are arduous and often hazardous. They must get their pictures and must get them back. When a bomber attacks a target and is shot down afterwards, the operation is not entirely abortive, but if the "recce" pilot is unfortunate, the affair is a dead loss, with nothing on the credit side. So he must get back. To give him that extra turn of speed which will shake off all pursuers and dodge the "ack-ack," he is given the fastest aeroplane, which may even be stripped of guns and other impediments. This low-level work is thrilling and the result—when the weather is good—is a miraculously clear print, exposing the enemy countryside in such a way that those who guide attacks can be warned of obstruction and can plan accordingly



INTELLIGENCE WORK CARRIED OUT BY THE R.A.F. A MUSTANG, FLYING UNESCORTED AND AT LOW LEVEL, PHOTOGRAPHS THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS OVER A GIVEN AREA, whilst a high-flying Spitfire seven miles up makes a photographic reconnaissance over a much wider area. German planes attempting to interfere are chased off by the fighter-photographer—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

A TYPICAL GERMAN TRICK IN LIBERATED FRANCE: Ousted from a village by the advance of the Allies, the enemy would return by night to beat up the inhabitants for having welcomed their liberators. Village guards were soon organised to frustrate this trick—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

With thousands of Germans wandering about the countryside, either singly or in groups, the villagers of Northern France soon had to organise for the defence of their homes against the marauders. At night, the beaten, but vindictive, enemy would creep back to such villages as had welcomed the Allies, and would attempt to fire the houses and snipe the inhabitants. But the villagers soon learnt to retaliate. Taking up shot-guns and rifles kept over from the last war, they posted night guards and prepared to withstand the raiding parties, often with great success.

In the WAKE of the RETREATING GERMANS in FRANCE and BELGIUM

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

HOW THE NAZI SUPPLY TRAINS WERE WRECKED IN FRANCE by Allied fighter-bombers. This aerial photograph clearly indicates the work of our aircraft in crippling German supply trains during the lightning campaign in Northern France. Three trains were held up on this single track when hawk-eyed pilots knocked key freight-cars off the line. With the track blocked, there was no necessity to damage the rolling-stock further, as most of it, plus the supplies, later fell into Allied hands

THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF TAVAUX: Bodies of the Nazis' victims lie by the roadside waiting to be placed in coffins and buried. Because two German soldiers who opened fire on the French Forces of the Interior were killed, the Nazis (who had previously left the village) returned to Tavaux and raced through the streets terrorising the inhabitants. Old men and women and children were killed: twenty-one residents in all were made the victims of the Nazi vengeance. Bodies lay in the streets whilst coffins were hurriedly constructed by the villagers so that those innocent people who were killed could be buried in decency

HOW THE BELGIAN "WHITE ARMY" WERE SUPPLIED FROM THE AIR BY THE ALLIES: This body of patriots have done wonderful work in aiding the advance and guarding the lines of communication as well as clearing up pockets of resistance. But they are still in need of arms. The picture above shows how the British parachuted guns and ammunition on to one of the fields between Brussels and Antwerp: the same field had been used for putting down containers—by night—during the period since D-Day. Directly these containers were dropped, farm-carts and lorries collected them and took them to special centres. This was the first time supplies had been dropped in daylight

ARMED WITH GUNS DROPPED BY THE ALLIES: Three members of the Belgian Resistance Movement, in uniform and carrying machine-guns, in the streets of Brussels. The one on the right is a young girl who has taken up arms against the Nazis

THE INDISPENSABLE WORK OF THE SIGNALS IN KEEPING OPEN THE LINES BETWEEN THE FORWARD COLUMNS AND THE BASE during the rapid advance into Belgium. Land lines have not been ousted by the radio, and miles of wires have been laid through town and village so that direct communication can be maintained

—Drawing by E. G. Lambert

The rapidity of the armoured columns across France and into Belgium has been astonishing in many ways. A tank's ammunition has to be constantly replenished, and so has the small-arm ammunition of the infantry which accompanies them. And all of them have to be fed. Beyond these two obvious necessities, the High Command, studying its maps and watching these columns fanning out all over the countryside, capturing one town after another, have a very pressing preoccupation. Will "Signals" be able to keep the base in touch with these adventurous columns? Or will they get out into the wilds and run into serious spots of trouble? Roads were being traversed and towns occupied, fortunately, as the event proved, without major concentrations, but the situation was one where adroit steering was very necessary. There was, of course, the wireless equipment on tank leaders and special vehicles, but that method has its limitations. Wired communication was essential if full advantage was to be taken of the break-through. This is where the Royal Corps of Signals came in, and splendidly they did their work. On all vital roads their little cars swept forward and somehow the wire was put up in record time. It might be on roadside trees or looped on to existing branches—the friendly Maquis could help here—the head of the line was kept astonishingly close to the advancing columns: operators, motor messengers, every lorry, did their utmost to get the essential messages through

A BARRACUDA, on fire from enemy flak, lands on a British carrier, and the fire is put out by the "crash party" on deck

A CORSAIR FIGHTER, fitted with an auxiliary petrol tank and carrying a bomb, taking off for a dive-bombing attack on the big German battleship

THE NAVY'S STRIKE against the "Tirpitz" in Norwegian Waters

On August 22, 23, 24 and 29, aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, supported by units of the Home Fleet, carried out a series of daring and heavy raids on targets in Norway—and particularly on the German battleship *Tirpitz* in her hide-out in the Alten Fiord. It was the greatest Fleet Air Arm operation of the war, and in the words of a war correspondent aboard one of the British aircraft-carriers which took part, "may well prove to be the last naval operation of the war in European waters. It was also the Home Fleet's most daring defiance of Hitler's 'fortress.'"

On the 22nd, the largest number of planes ever to attack Norway took off: they included Barracudas, Corsairs, Hellcats and Seafires. Masthead attacks on the *Tirpitz* were made, and other targets were also attacked. On the way back, a U-boat was severely damaged. On the 23rd and 24th the attacks were repeated: on the latter day the Germans resorted to a smoke-screen to shield the battleship. The main force on the 29th was again directed at the German battleship.

Some of the "strikes" were made so close to the Norwegian coast that men on board the vessels could see with the naked eye the snow on the mountains and the glaciers inland.

HOW THE AIRCRAFT SET OUT FOR THE ATTACK ON THE "TIRPITZ": Fleet Air Arm planes, in formation and flying low over the sea, at the start of their mission

THE NAVY'S WATCH ON THE DUTCH COAST, WHERE THE "LITTLE SHIPS" ARE PREVENTING THE NAZI ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE FROM THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN PORTS BY SEA. The drawing shows M.T.B.s closing in to examine Dutch fishing craft in case Germans are aboard—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

It has been part of the German strategy to hold on to the Channel ports as long as possible; not that they can use them for their own purposes, but to deny the Allies the use of them. For this reason, they have been prepared to "write off" large numbers of men in and around Cherbourg, Brest, St. Nazaire and other places. At the same time, they have been trying to run the blockade established by the British Navy for the purpose of returning to Germany those of their technical key-men not needed for the defence of the ports where they are still holding out. To counter this move, the "little ships" have been busy all along the Dutch coast, searching fishing vessels and other craft aboard which escaping Germans may be concealed. This drawing shows a scene in the Scheldt estuary, and depicts the type of vessel engaged in this work of blockade

THE NAVY STRIKES AT THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "TIRPITZ" IN HER HIDE-OUT IN THE ALTEN FIORD, IN NORWAY. The Fleet Air Arm planes leave one of the carriers close to the coast to attack the German vessel with bombs of large and medium size. The "strikes" were carried out over a period of seven days, and four big attacks were made. The vessels engaged approached nearer the Norwegian coast than ever before. In charge of the operations was the C.-in-C. of the Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Henry R. Moore—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

THE LAST RUN OF THE MERCHANT SHIP "BRECONSHIRE" IN MARCH 1942: The fire on board becomes out of control, but the vessel sank in shallow water and many badly needed tons of oil fuel were saved

ON BOARD THE "BRECONSHIRE." In spite of the crew's efforts, the fire in the aft hold begins to spread

ON BOARD H.M.S. "MANCHESTER": Men smothered in oil fuel rescued just after the cruiser was torpedoed

THE NAVY IN SUDA BAY during the campaign in Crete: One of the German air attacks which made it impossible for British shipping to continue to remain in the Bay

For eighteen months the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean faced an ordeal that has no parallel in the history of the Fleet. Under incessant bombing, British armies had to be evacuated from Greece and Crete: Tobruk and Malta had to be supplied; vital convoys had to be escorted; and Rommel's supply lines had to be attacked against heavy odds. The story of these desperate months is now told in *The Mediterranean Fleet*, published last week by the Stationery Office: the pictures reproduced above are taken from this publication. In March 1942, the first convoy for nearly two months got through to besieged Malta. It made the passage under ceaseless air and sea attack. One of the four ships was sunk 10 miles south of the island, and another—the *Breconshire*—was hit when almost home. She was towed by tugs into a bay south of the Grand Harbour, but was again hit and sank with her valuable cargo of oil fuel. The fight put up by the *Breconshire* on this last of her many arduous passages to Malta was characteristic of the stalwart determination of her commanding officer, Captain C. A. G. Hutchinson, R.N. The cruiser *Manchester* was torpedoed whilst she was engaged on convoy duty in the Mediterranean, it was announced on August 18, 1942. She sank off the Tunisian coast. One of the pictures taken on board during this tragic moment is given above. Another section of *The Mediterranean Fleet* deals with the operations in Crete. The loading of supplies in Suda Bay for the Allied forces on the island became impossible after the Germans had captured landing grounds in Crete. The photograph given above shows how the subsequent air blitz drove out the Allied vessels from the Bay

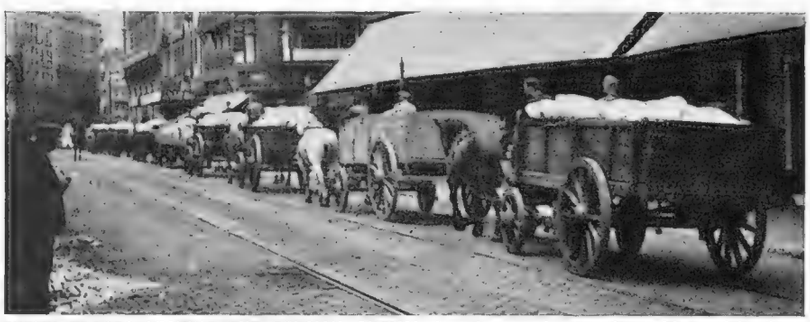
THE ALLIES CAPTURE ANTWERP ALMOST INTACT: A view of the city looking towards the River Scheldt, showing the harbour and docks on the right and the steamer quays on the left. Racing beyond newly-liberated Brussels, three flying columns of British armour drove for this great city. The speed of the advance took the German defenders by surprise, and by midnight on September 4 the capture of Belgium's greatest port had been announced. The advance sealed off the German forces in the coastal pocket on the Channel coast. The armoured push which began at Vernon, on the Seine, on August 30 covered the 206 miles to Brussels in six days against steady opposition. It was helped by the F.F.I. and by the Belgian Resistance Movement

BRUSSELS and ANTWERP

How the People Welcomed Their Liberation by the British

—Special Sphere Drawings

HOW THE GERMANS LEFT BRUSSELS. The last of the enemy flee on bicycles through the Porte de Namur as the British spearheads entered at the opposite end of the city



ENEMY TROOPS LEAVING THE BELGIAN CAPITAL by the northern exit, taking with them supplies of flour in their horse-drawn transport wagons

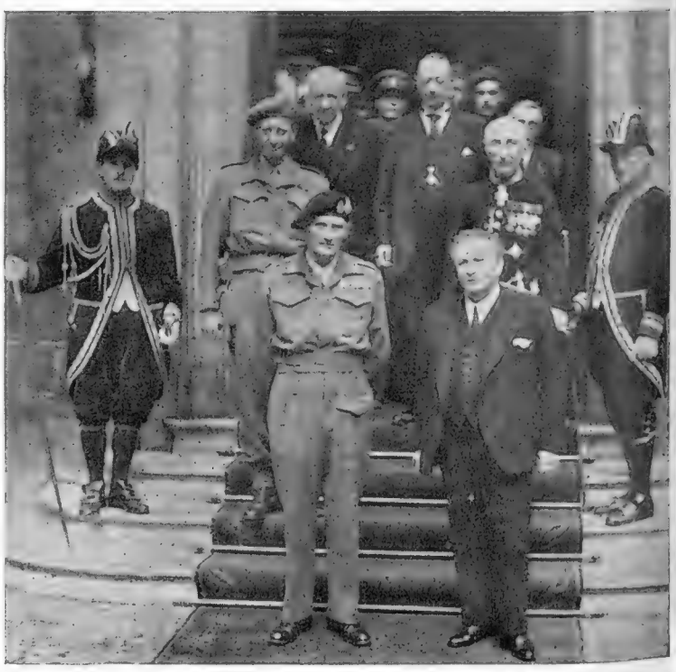
The great Belgian city and port of Antwerp fell to the Allies as a result of a combined attack by British forces from the south and south-west. This attack was so rapid, after the advance from Brussels and Malines, that the enemy was taken by surprise.

It was in conformity with the general lines of German strategy that they should have made all plans for the holding of Antwerp and have entrusted its defence to a force not less than a division in strength. It was the same policy—that of denying us the use of ports for as long a period as possible—that has caused the Germans to leave isolated forces in Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire without hope of relief. Had they been given the chance they would without any doubt have put up a strenuous resistance which might have delayed our further progress for many days.

The above drawing shows the city from the direction of the two main attacks. The defences were good—lines of bastions and waterways, the sea end of the Albert Canal, and two rivers formed part of them—but they were unavailing. Beyond the great cathedral which dominates the city lie the big steamer quays, and away to the right the harbour and docks

THEY EVEN WENT BY TRAM. At 2 p.m. on Sunday, September 3, the last tram left the city centre loaded with Nazis as British tanks entered from the south

The three pictures of the departure of the Germans from Brussels given here were taken by M. van Oster, a Belgian cameraman, who risked his life in taking them. He took the pictures secretly: had the fleeing Germans caught him with his camera he would probably have been shot out of hand. This is not the way in which the Nazis like to be pictured!



***On right*— FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY IN BRUSSELS.** The great British Commander had a wonderful reception from the populace when he arrived in the Belgian capital on September 7 and visited Burgomaster Van de Muelebroeck at the Hotel de Ville. Here the Field-Marshal and Burgomaster are seen with some of the city officials at the Town Hall

HOW THE BRITISH TROOPS ENTERED BRUSSELS; THE SCENE AS THEY APPROACHED THE GRAND PLACE AND THE HOTEL DE VILLE—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The reception of the British Army by the people of Brussels was overwhelming. More so than Paris, the Bruxellois could not express enough their joy at the liberation of their capital. Everywhere as the Allied columns entered, the Belgians welcomed them in a manner certainly not anticipated by the Tommies, who were the objects of their demonstrations. Near the Hotel Metropole, in the celebrated Place de Brouckere, a great crowd had assembled, even whilst fighting was still going on between the fleeing Germans and swiftly-advancing British spearheads. They had gathered material for a bonfire, and soon were burning Hitler in effigy. When material began to run short they dragged to the fire all the relics of German transport vehicles that could be found. "It was a remarkable spectacle, this saturnalia of liberation," wrote one observer. "Darkness had fallen and the crowd had now swollen to some thousands. They were dancing and singing and embracing in the flickering and uncertain light of this newly kindled fire." Everybody throughout the city was waving a flag. Flags draped the buildings, and the first tanks to enter passed through swarming throngs to the tune of "Tipperary" "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and even "God Save the King"—all remembered from the last war and now sung by thousands of voices in honour of the army which had freed them after four-and-a-half years of Nazi terror. Two of the scenes in the capital are here depicted by *Sphere* artists

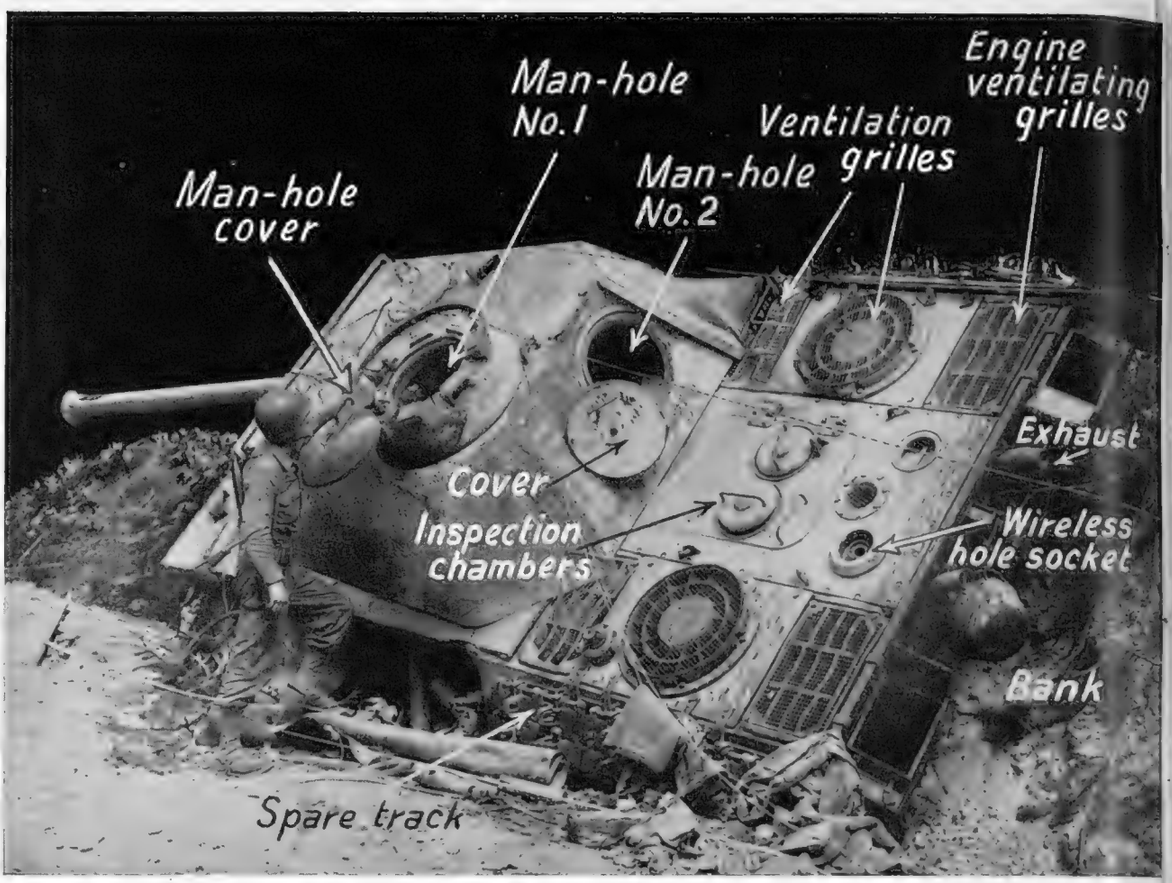
THE BONFIRES OF VICTORY IN THE BELGIAN CAPITAL: THE BRUXELLOIS DANCING ROUND A BLAZING BONFIRE IN THE PLACE DE BROUCKERE, near the Hotel Metropole. The people celebrated their liberation as night fell by dancing round the fire, in which an effigy of Hitler was burnt—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

METHODS of the NAZIS

As Exemplified in Various Devices Employed on the Battlefield and Behind the Lines

The most impressive, frightening photograph used to be a great ship sinking by the stern with bow high in air: to-day we are equally shocked by the picture of a large tank upside-down or lying smashed at a fearsome angle. In the accompanying photograph is seen a German Panther which has obviously made a fatal mistake. Undoubtedly it was chivvied into its awkward position by our fire: possibly it was struck a decisive blow as it was beginning to climb the steep bank at an angle; but bad driving was the prime cause of its undoing. A lot of German tanks end in this way. The final batch of German drivers is young and inexperienced.

The angles at which tanks turn over are very well-kept secrets for obvious reasons, but it may be said broadly that a tank properly handled should be able to take a bank at 50 degrees without somersaulting backwards or forwards. About half that angle is the most it can manage on a sideways inclination before it begins to slip, because the tracks do not grip and there is no movement of the vehicle up or down to counter the pull of gravity. And a well-aimed shot at the tracks while a tank is in such a precarious position will usually start it sliding. One obtains a new view of a tank from a drawing or photograph of a vehicle that has been turned on its side. Observe the numerous grilles, grids and other orifices, the presence of which was unsuspected from below. The rear grilles ventilate the giant engines and the others admit air to the general ventilating system. There are sockets to contain wireless aerial-masts and pennant poles; there are lids of inspection chambers, and orifices through which petrol is admitted to the interior tanks. Then the turret contains at least two manholes, one for the commander to use when standing upright to survey the country, the other for quick escape or entry if the first is occupied



A GERMAN PANTHER TANK CAPSIZED AGAINST A STEEP BANK IN BRITTANY: It had obviously misjudged its capacity to mount the high bank at speed and at an angle, and had fallen over on to one side

ANOTHER DISABLED MARK VI GERMAN TANK knocked off balance along Route 6 during the advance in Italy. (Note the ribbing on the steel armour)

A GERMAN "GHOST AIRFIELD" IN FRANCE, which was erected to hoodwink the R.A.F. In an endeavour to protect their real airfield at Evreux, the Germans constructed a dummy airfield near by. It was an amazing piece of camouflage and appeared quite realistic even from a short distance away. There was a complete layout of office buildings and hangars, made from pine props and wire netting covered with tufts of dried grass. Sham windows and doors, dummy telephone wires and hangar lights added to the effect. In addition, dummy aircraft had been placed about the field: these were made from old French aircraft with plywood additions, and swastikas had been painted over any French markings which still showed. Despite all this German thoroughness, the R.A.F. were not deceived, and proceeded to put the real aerodrome near by out of action

HOW THE GERMANS HUNT PARTISANS IN HUNGARY: The sabotage of communications in German-controlled countries has assumed such serious proportions that the Nazis are compelled to maintain a day-and-night watch in certain areas. This special railcar was designed for patrol work in Hungary, where, apparently, Partisans have been active against the Nazis of late

ANOTHER "V" WEAPON CAPTURED FROM THE GERMANS IN NORMANDY—THE ROBOT TANK. This is much larger than the "doodle" tank recently used at Anzio in Italy: it has a driver who takes it as far as he can, then gets out and directs it by wireless

Remote control seems to be a fetish with the Germans. There was the "doodle" tank in Italy; the flying bomb; the wireless-controlled aircraft; and the V 4. The last-named was discovered in Normandy, where specimens were captured intact after our invasion landings. The V 4 has the appearance of a small tank, and is about the same size and height as a British Bren-gun carrier. It carries a very large charge of high-explosive in a detachable steel box-container on its front, and this charge can be released from the vehicle. The tank is driven by one man to a safe spot, and is then guided to its target by a "remote-control" device, in the manner shown above

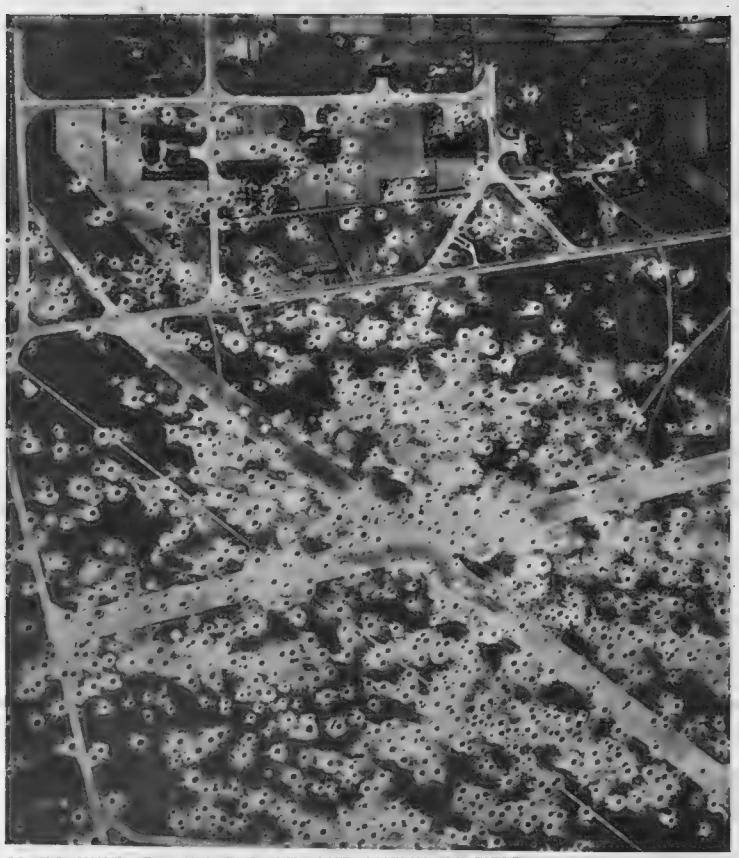
MORE VIEWS OF GERMANY'S "ONE-MAN SUBMARINE": The glass-dome driving compartment in which the pilot sits whilst on a mission

AN ARMOUR-PLATED RAILWAY ENGINE, developed by the Germans as the result of Allied bombing attacks in France: This engine was found in a badly battered state in the German railway repair sheds at Vaucelles, near Caen, after our entry into that town. At the sides it was plated with heavy armour, whilst over the boiler and protecting the wheels were thinner steel plates. The engine had, nevertheless, been badly damaged by bombs from Allied aircraft

ONE OF THE COMPONENTS OF HITLER'S NAVY, fleeing overland to the Reich, is captured by the British Army near Arras: Whilst the British forces were advancing into Belgium from France, they found a German midget submarine on one of the roads leading towards Germany. The submarine had been mounted on a carrier towed by a tracked vehicle: its dual torpedoes were unexploded, but vehicle and trailer had been bombed by the R.A.F., and abandoned by the enemy, together with the wreckage of other escaping vehicles. With the Channel ports closely watched by the Navy, it is probable that the Germans were trying to save the vessel for future use by towing it back into the Reich. The swift advance of the British Second Army led to its capture

WALTHER GERHOLD, the German who claims to have sunk a 5,000-ton British cruiser, in his one-man submarine, returning to base after his exploit

WAR PICTURES from MANY QUARTERS



EIGHT HUNDRED CRATERS ON ONE ENEMY AIRFIELD : This striking photograph shows the destruction caused by Bomber Command to one enemy airfield. It was taken from an aircraft of the Photographic Reconnaissance Unit following Bomber Command's attack on September 3 on the Volkel Airfield, twelve miles to the north of Helmond, in Holland. The total reconnaissance showed 800 craters on the field, apart from the damage to adjacent buildings

GERMAN SHELLS LIGHT UP THE STRAITS OF DOVER : The night battle scene over the French coast as seen from Folkestone, with star-shells, gun flashes, explosions and tracer-shells lighting the sky. The watchers at "Hellfire Corner," in Kent, who have nightly taken up their vigil to watch the battle for the now isolated French ports, were rewarded on September 10 with a brilliant display. Star-shells lit up the sky between Calais and Boulogne, and intermittent gun flashes, explosions and tracers wove a curious pattern of fire

AFTER THE ATTACK ON THE CRACK ITALIAN LINER "REX" by Beaufighters of the R.A.F. Fifty-nine hits were scored in the first attack, and another sixty-four in a further raid carried out by rocket-firing aircraft as the huge vessel was anchored off Capodistria, in the North Adriatic. The vessel was left with her decks vertical and two-thirds submerged : later she was reported to be on her side and burning furiously. In this picture (sent by radio), rockets are seen hitting the water near the liner. *Rex* was a luxury vessel of 47,000 tons, launched in 1931. At one time she held the blue riband for the Atlantic crossing

THE CHIEF OF AIR STAFF VISITS THE BALKAN AIR WINGS IN ITALY : Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal recently made a tour of inspection of two Tactical Wings of the Balkan Air Force based in Italy. He was accompanied by Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, and Air Vice-Marshal W. Elliott, Air Officer Commanding the Balkan Air Force. In the picture above, Sir Charles is seen with senior officers : from left to right are Air Commodore Jackman (Air Officer ; Admin.) ; Sir Charles Portal ; Air Vice-Marshal Elliott ; and (right foreground) Wing Commander J. E. Proctor, Commander of the Yugoslav Spitfire Squadron

CAVE HOUSES FOR CHINESE MUNITION PLANTS NEAR CHUNGKING : For many years now the Chinese have been resisting the Japs. Subjected to heavy bombing, their towns and villages have been turned into heaps of rubble, and their few munition plants have had to be hidden away from the reach of the bombers. Deep, mountain-side caves protect this factory, which is turning out many types of guns and shells for the Chinese Army, whose desperate resistance has continued, despite many shortages of vital supplies and arms. Only by concealment from enemy eyes can their factories continue to function

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE EASTERN FLEET TAKES OVER : Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser arrived recently at an Eastern base aerodrome to take up his appointment in succession to Admiral Sir James Somerville. For nearly three years before the war, Sir Bruce was Chief of Staff of the East Indies Station : he relinquished the Command of the Home Fleet in June last. Above he is seen (on the left) just after arrival : in the centre is Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, C.-in-C. Ceylon ; and on the right is Admiral Somerville

THE JAPS ARE DRIVEN OUT OF INDIA : The scene of battle at the Naga village near Kohima, key-point of the recent fighting in Manipur State

On August 17, the last remnants of organised Japanese resistance were driven out of India, just over five months after the invasion of the State of Manipur. Troops of the Fourteenth Army, hard at their heels, then advanced across the frontier into Burma to re-engage the beaten enemy. At the present moment, the full effect of the monsoon is being felt, and rivers are in spate, with broken bridges and landslides across the roads to cause more delay to the Allied progress than any enemy rearguard action. During June Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Supreme Allied Commander, made a tour of inspection of the forward areas and visited the scenes of several famous battles. The site depicted above was one of them : it was here that the Japs were finally routed around the key town of Kohima. It was this defeat which led up to their eventual expulsion from Indian territory

THE R.A.F. ATTACK A GERMAN ESCAPE FERRY IN HOLLAND : On September 11, Mitchells and Bostons carried out an attack on Breskens, opposite Flushing. Several barges, ferry-boats and a pontoon were hit, and transport vehicles on the quay were set on fire. Flying with the R.A.F. and Lorraine squadrons was a squadron of the Royal Dutch Naval Air Service, the pilots of which recognised many landmarks over their home country. This picture shows ferry-boats carrying German troops, and transports, taking evasive action during the attack

THE PEARL HARBOUR INQUIRY BOARD at work in the Navy Department in Washington : The Court of Inquiry ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to inquire into the circumstances surrounding the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour in December 1941 are here seen in session. President of the Court is Admiral Orin G. Murfin (in centre) ; the two other members are Admiral Edward C. Kalbfus (on left) and Vice-Admiral Adolphus Andrews (on right)

ANOTHER SECRET OF THE WAR REVEALED : Tank-landing ships used as small aircraft-carriers for invasion. Equipped with a portable landing-strip, this L.S.T. is serving as a baby aircraft-carrier. Manned by U.S. Coastguards, it was first employed at Anzio, discharging and receiving light aircraft during the invasion operations. The L.S.T. carried eight aircraft, one of which is seen about to land on. This is the first photograph to be released of this new feature of the hard-working L.S.T. ; its employment in this role was recently announced by the U.S. Secretary of the Navy

AN AMMUNITION-SHIP SET ON FIRE AT NEW YORK : the scene at its Hudson River pier at 134th Street. This cargo vessel, used to carry ammunition, was empty when the fire broke out. The flames were fed by the vessel's fuel oil and leaped 100 ft. into the air, forcing the crew and Coastguard gunners to leap for their lives into the water, where they found themselves engulfed in flaming oil. At least nineteen men were injured ; about seventy others escaped without injury. Although the heavy steel plates of the 10,000-ton ship were subjected to intense heat, and much of the gear and equipment were destroyed, it is believed that the big vessel was saved

OUR INVISIBLE EXPORT—TRAVEL

One Method of Bringing Money into Britain after the War will be by Encouraging Travellers from Abroad

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the end of the war in sight, it is only proper that the Government should investigate all possible forms of export. The export of motor-cars is a major problem which influences the alteration of the horse-power tax so deservedly publicised at the moment. Another is the invisible export of attracting tourists to this country with the object of their spending money here. That is the realist view, which will have to be handled realistically.

It is fortunate, in view of the disordered state of the world, that this country will be able to concentrate on only three types of visitor—citizens of the United States, South Americans and visitors from the British Empire. So far as bulk tourism is concerned, one can discount the Continent completely. This clarification ought to do much to enable our hotels, railways and centres of amusement to make themselves attractive. There has recently been published an ingenuous publication called *Britain—Destination of Tourists?*, by R. G. Pinney. It is riddled with statistics more misleading than usual. It spotlights, for example, the jump in Canada's tourist trade from £20,000,000 to £60,000,000 in 1929 without disclosing the obvious fact that the reason for this sensational rise was Prohibition in the United States; the result being that every American, with a motor-car and sufficient petrol, dashed across the 30,000-mile frontier and acquired Scotch.

In 1934 it had dropped to £17,000,000. It suggests, furthermore, that the average visitor from the U.S. spends at least £50 in this country, and that Australians spend at least £150. The truth of the matter is that the average American spends £3 a day for five days; while the Australians, for example, were able to have six months' holiday, including accommodation, in this country for the sum of £100—all-in from door to door.

Last week I attended the monthly Travel Club lunch. Every leading travel agent was present; so were senior officials of the shipping lines, the railway companies and the British Overseas Airways Corporation. I asked my next-door neighbour which of my fellow-guests came from the Travel and Industrial Association of Great Britain. The answer was that this august organisation had not been represented on a single occasion throughout the war at this monthly meeting of the travel experts of Great Britain. "If you want to know," he said, "there is not a single expert on travel in the Travel Association."

In a general way, the author suggests that the hotel industry of this country should be favoured at the expense of the rest of the community, so as to encourage high-grade visitors. He talks of architectural research applied to reducing the capital cost of hotel buildings and fittings; but attacks the brewers (always a dangerous thing to do). No attempt is made to insist that the railways should provide observation-cars and club cars; or that the Ministry of War Transport should enable the railways to employ a sufficient staff of inspectors to make it worth while to buy first-class tickets, instead of standing in third-class corridors with first-class tickets while the third-class passengers sit in first-class compartments. He fails to suggest that railway buffets should be raised, say, to the standard of those in Switzerland. He does not recommend that horse-racing should be cheaper; or that a guide to the golf-courses of Great Britain should be published. He refers only casually to the fact that the Swiss railways, for example, will give travel agents as much as 15 per cent. discount on the sale of tickets (compared with 5 per cent. in this country). He does not emphasise the fact that foreign hotels give an immediate discount of 10 per cent. on the complete bill to travel agents; whereas the English luxury hotels give a 5 per cent. discount on the bedrooms and nothing on the meals.

It is perfectly clear that if, as Lord Derby hopes, we can have a £100,000,000-a-year tourist trade, it will be necessary to revolutionise hotel accommodation in this country. It will also be necessary to revise the highly archaic Licensing Laws. In the case of hotels, it is too much to hope for anything as rudimentary as iced-water, but at least comfortable mattresses might be provided; proper lighting might be installed over dressing-tables. But a wide experience in hotels in London and the provinces proves to me that a high percentage of them are run for the primary benefit of the managing director and his family—or the proprietor and proprietress. (There is one well-known hotel in the provinces which had a special dug-out for the managing director, nobody else being allowed inside it during the blitz.)

Fixed times for meals, a lack of bathrooms and toilets, provide excellent reasons for visitors to avoid Great Britain for the Continent. The telephone call-box system in this country is completely out of date. It has always been almost impossible to have a fresh salad, much less a salad dressing not out of a bottle. In view of the certainty that Americans will form the majority of our tourists after the war, it might not be a bad plan for country hotels to have some orange juice. But is it conceivable that there might be an alternative to roast mutton, potatoes and cabbage or boiled beef and dumplings in the middle of August?

One cannot imagine that Birmingham or Manchester will ever provide any attractions after 10 p.m., except for drinks brought by harried waiters in railway hotel lounges.

Outside London, Edinburgh and Glasgow are the only two cities which attempt to provide any gaiety for the visitor. It is true that there used to be some kind of night-club on the outskirts of Bristol fifteen years ago, but I doubt whether it has survived. Even if, however, we assume that Great Britain cannot provide any high-lights to compare with those of the Continent, there is no reason why the hotels should not provide first-class service, and ensure this by the training of hotel staff, as has been done in the United States, France, Switzerland, Germany and other countries.

Mr. R. G. Pinney makes a number of unfortunate remarks. He refers to "the monarchy (with its growing scarcity value)." I can scarcely believe that the Monarch would appreciate the suggestion that he is some kind of continental liqueur. Mr. Pinney next places Henley on a par with the Derby and Wimbledon, not realising that Henley died in 1913 as far as the public is concerned. He refers in the same breath to "the Trooping of the Colour." Admitted that Mr. Pinney is quoting Sir Stephen Tallents. I feel, however, he ought to have sub-edited him. Sir Stephen, still quoted by Mr. Pinney, thinks that tourists in this country would be interested in Boy Scouts and Punch, among other things. I ask you!

There are several obvious facts which are duly recorded in Mr. Pinney's compilation. Several million people will be able to take holidays in this country after the war, and many overseas visitors will want to see London, Coventry and other cities which have suffered from the blitz. It is equally evident that in time to come a week's trip to England by an American will be as practicable as, though more expensive than, a week's fishing in Scotland has been for a Londoner; but the real nigger in the woodpile is to be found in the second of three recommendations in Mr. Pinney's memorandum.

The first is, that the Government should develop International Tourist Industry as an object of policy and as an item in the post-war trade drive, announcing its intention to harmonise all other affairs with such a policy so far as it is possible to do so. The second recommendation is that the Government should appoint an official English tourist organisation for which it accepts ultimate financial responsibility (the Travel Association offering itself hastily as an organisation ready to hand for this appointment). The third recommendation is that the hotel system, including inns, boarding houses, holiday camps, hostels, roadhouses and holiday accommodation in private houses, should be recognised by the Government as rendering service to the nation, and given encouragement, assistance and enticement to adopt international standards.

Having got this off its chest, the Travel Association plucks up courage and announces its ideas about making travel films (what about an English James Fitzpatrick?), issuing circulars, periodicals, booklets, leaflets and other publications. It would also advertise overseas and prepare an agenda for a post-war conference covering anything from the twenty-four-hour clock to passport and currency questions. Mind you, all these objects are sound enough, even essential, but it might have been a good plan to have acquired the services of a few real travel experts from Thomas Cook, Dean and Dawson, Pickfords, Frame's and other agencies, with a real knowledge of what is required to make Great Britain the mecca of tourists, instead of employing a number of amateurs who have not the slightest idea about the essential requirements. A Travel Agent is a specialist. In spite of this, everybody thinks he knows all about travel, however insular he may be.

ON THE FRONT AT FOLKESTONE DURING THE WAR: A section of the crowd of visitors gazing out at the battlefront across the Channel: Crowds gathered at many spots along the front at Folkestone and Dover on September 10, to gaze out across the Channel towards the French coast in the expectation of being able to see something of the Allied attacks and German resistance in the isolated ports of Calais, Boulogne, Le Havre and Brest. Later they heard what was described as "the heaviest barrage ever heard on this side of the Straits"

LONDON'S RUINS WILL RISE AGAIN: they will be built of stone taken from bombed City buildings: Not far from St. Paul's Cathedral—Sir Christopher Wren's most famous work—blocks of Portland stone taken from the ruins of bombed buildings are being cut and dressed, later to be used in restoring the Wren towers and steeples destroyed by the Germans in their reckless attempts to wipe out the City of London. In the picture above, Mr. James Comfort, of South Norwood, who has spent fifty of his sixty-five years as a stonemason, is seen cutting a block of Portland stone on a high-speed rotary wheel. The stone will be used to repair the Wren church of St. James's, Garlic Hill, in the City

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

LE TOUQUET

As It was Found by the Canadians After their Entry on September 5

THE DESERTED PROMENADE AT LE TOUQUET, where many of the beautiful villas along the sea front were found to be wrecked. When the Canadians entered, not a Frenchman was visible, as all civilians had been evacuated by German order two days before the Invasion of Northern France began

When the Canadians, moving up the coast of Northern France, entered the famous French pleasure resort of Le Touquet on September 5, it was found to be a "ghost town." The Germans had departed without making a stand; and all the civilians had been evacuated two days before the Invasion opened. It was necessary for the Canadians to move about with the utmost caution, for the whole town was found to be full of booby-traps and cunningly concealed mines. Many of the villas along the Promenade were wrecked, and all the houses and shops were shuttered and deserted. Before the war, Le Touquet was very popular with English visitors, who, at certain times of the year, made the resort their very own

MINES ATTACHED TO TRIP WIRES placed on the sand dunes along the front. Every post had its own mine; the wires were concealed in the grass, to trap the unwary. Not a soul was to be seen

THE DESERTED RUE DE LONDRES, which runs through the centre of Le Touquet parallel with the sea. This was the principal shopping and social centre of the town

A BLOCKHOUSE ON THE COAST, complete with 88-mm. gun, which had never been used by the Germans, so far as the Canadians could discover. Inside, the blockhouse was packed with ammunition

A BALL IN THE DOORWAY OF THE HOTEL BRITANNICA would have invited most to kick it. But—attached was a wire leading to a mine, covered over with rubble and paper, in the corner

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

CURIOSITY—a Duty of Citizenship.—Invited (or pressed) the other day to deliver a talk to a Women's Institute, I turned over various subjects of which my little knowledge might be adequately camouflaged. Literary subjects I rejected as likely to be too soporific, and in the end I proffered a talk on the origins, history and present organisation of our various Courts of Justice or our Local Government. These are not very easy matters to arrange and compress into a popular half-hour lecture to tired village women. The evolution of our system of Judicature began with the Cave-men and is still going on. A lecturer might find his audience asleep before he reached the vital reign of Henry II.; a Local Government might well produce the same effect before the responsibilities of Elizabethan justices had been well and truly dealt with.

Once or twice before, I have tried out these subjects "on the dog"—intelligent schoolchildren, for instance—and found their total ignorance only matched by my own inability to interest them in, or clearly to marshal the salient points and stages of, development in either subject.

Ask any reasonably well-educated assembly of women or men (other than lawyers) to write two lines on the following: (*a*) The Attorney-General; (*b*) The Master of the Rolls; (*c*) The Chancery Division; (*d*) "Taking Silk"; (*e*) Common Law Practice; (*f*) Equity; (*g*) Committed for trial (1) to Assizes, (2) to Quarter-Sessions; (*h*) County Courts; (*i*) Grand Jury; (*j*) "Briefed for the prosecution."

I should be very much surprised if your best candidate could fairly be allotted twenty marks out of one hundred.

And I do not think a paper on Local Government on the same simple lines would achieve a much better result from a class of the better educated, "average" citizens. What hopes then of an audience of village women preoccupied and worn out by incessant domestic labours?

THE LIGHTS GO UP IN LANCASHIRE: A view of the Esplanade at Rochdale, showing the new "dim-out" lighting. Such a fine effect cannot yet be enjoyed by Londoners—but this picture may be taken as an indication of the joys to come, after the lamps in the capital have been adapted

Help Yourself—And yet, never before in our history has curiosity about the institutions of this country which most closely affect the lives of the people become a more urgent duty of citizenship. From Whitehall and from the village green the cry has gone up, and the great resolve has been made, that *this time* the welfare of the people shall be in the forefront of post-war programmes of legislation, and that, whatever the cost, conditions of living (decent houses, water, light, employment at living wages, insurance against ill health and old age) shall be improved, and social justice secured to all classes. God, they say, helps those who help themselves. Governments can claim no higher altruism—on their records. This better Britain will not be built by apathy and folded hands in those villages of England which still endure the primitive conditions of their eighteenth-century ancestors.

If indeed they expect to draw water from taps and not from sewers, to handle electric switches, to live in houses and not in hovels, they must learn the first principles of Local Government and take steps to ensure that the voice of their complaints is heard in the Council Chamber; they must learn something of the nature of Parliament (where dreams are converted into facts and laws) and of the citizen's rights to representation in that assembly.

Nor can they speak of social justice in their cottages without a guilty feeling that the laws of the land and the administration of justice touch them nearly and ever more nearly, and in its first stages and petty courts of jurisdiction the Judicature has been in open session in their familiar market town for centuries—a mystery they have never troubled to explore, whose origins and growth they have never cared to learn. When the notorious "Hereford" case ran its "nine-day" course of "scandal," the nonsense poured out in the daily press revealed the abyss of public ignorance concerning the administration of justice in England. What foreigners envy and admire first among British institutions is still to the average Briton of too little importance to deserve the slightest curiosity.

Believe me, the time is passed for apathy. Curiosity henceforth must be the citizen's first duty and practical curiosity at that—curiosity translated into research and knowledge translated into action. The voice of Auburn—loveliest and least sanitary village of the plain—must be heard clamouring in the Chamber of the R.D.C., the U.D.C., the House of Commons; and the good wives of Auburn must somehow find the time amid their many preoccupations to find out why it is that Squire Muddlecombe and Farmer Giles sit together under the Royal Arms on alternate Tuesdays in the old room in the Market Place, to fine the forgetful cyclist, to secure maintenance for unwanted babies, to authorise the sale of beer and to commit the budding Sikes to stand his trial before a Higher Court.

A National Failing.—It would perhaps be generally conceded that among the nations of civilisation the British public is politically among the most apathetic, and among the most ignorant, concerning their national institutions of justice and government.

It might also be conceded that British justice and British politics are distinguished, and even envied, among the nations for their comparative purity and decency.

I am not prepared to say that the latter concession accounts for the former—that the British public shows no curiosity because it feels secure in the general probity of its judges and politicians. It may be in part an explanation of British apathy and ignorance, but traits in our national character cannot be disregarded.

Mr. A. L. Rouse has more than once explained these traits of character and very clearly revealed their genealogical origins from pre-Roman times.

Often enough, flatterers of British character camouflage these failings in the duties of citizenship under the nobler name of tolerance, or a love of fair play. "Live and let live" is the average Briton's philosophy—they say. But the philosophy of yesterday will not fit the march of to-day. We are waking up on the morning after an earthquake, and all is to build again. The foundations which still stand must be tested for reliability and, if necessary, be blown up. "Root, hog, or die" must be our slogan, and every citizen's snout must rootle among the foundations of his national institutions. Curiosity must lead to knowledge and knowledge give place to action. How else can we hope for better conditions of living in our time? How can we secure effective representation in Parliament unless we nose out and uproot the antiquated methods by which candidates have so long been chosen by local political party organisations? How shall our children receive better education, if village mothers are too apathetic to sit on parents' committees? How shall we force the hand of Local Government in the matter of sanitary reform, if we are too lazy to cast a vote, too incurious to realise that citizenship affords rights as well as responsibilities?

Certainly, the time has come to inoculate Women's Institutes (and Village Men's Clubs) with a little curiosity in matters of greater importance, if of less immediate concern, than making baskets or jam (or studying the form of dogs, racehorses or footballers). In Britain apathy grows less as you travel north. But apathy is not a matter of climate or geography. Sussex lies north of France and north of those United States. And in those countries political apathy and ignorance of the duties and rights of citizenship are by no means so rife as in these northern islands. It is high time for English men and women to wake out of sleep, to sit up and take notice, take notes, leap out of bed, get busy. They have a long, long row to hoe if they are to enjoy the fruits of their soil at last.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

PEER GYNT (New).—By far the most important event for theatrical London since the victory over the flying bombs has allowed a return to a normal state of affairs (and even a bit better than that) has been the launching of the new Old Vic Company, with an important repertory and some distinguished players. With their first effort, *Peer Gynt*, I must confess that I was bored. But the elaborate production and Grieg's famous incidental music deserve the highest praise, and so does the acting, notably of Mr. Ralph Richardson as Peer, Dame Sybil Thorndike as his mother, and Miss Joyce Redman as his wife. Mr. Laurence Olivier modestly undertook the tiny part of a button-moulder.

Arms and the Man (New).—Far more satisfactory was the next effort. It is the fashion to say that revivals show signs of wear (as most of 'em do). But Shaw's brilliant comedy, *Arms and the Man*, is as fresh and sparkling as I suspect it seemed when it was first produced as long ago as 1894. Millions know the story, which serves as the "book" of that very successful musical-comedy, *The Chocolate Soldier*. It is much more fun than any musical-comedy, however successful. Mr. Laurence Olivier here forgets about buttons (though he wears a lot on his uniform) and gives a grand performance, and so does Mr. Richardson. Miss Joyce Redman's insolent yet adorable pertness in the soubrette part is one of the best things to be seen in London just now.

The Banbury Nose (Wyndham's).—One is constantly hearing that young Mr. Peter Ustinov will write a great play one day. Possibly he will. I could detect no signs of greatness in this largely political onslaught on English tradition and old age; there have been plays of Mr. Ustinov far superior to it, in my opinion. Jabs at Colonel Blimp are getting dreadfully stale and are rather silly, since as time goes on it becomes increasingly evident that there is much to be said for Colonel Blimp. The Church of England also comes under the author's lash, as, indeed, does almost anything and anyone which has been established for more than about 25 years. If the attacks had been wittier I would have found them more tolerable. Good acting from Mr. Roger Livesey, Miss Ursula Jeans, Miss Isolde Denham and Mr. Michael Shepley.

THE NASTIEST YOUNG NAZI ON THE LONDON STAGE: Everybody in the theatrical world was talking a few days ago about fourteen-year-old David O'Brien, who has scored such a hit in *To-morrow the World*, an American play now being given at the Aldwych Theatre. Young David, who has never appeared in a play before, took the stage for three formidable hours as a nasty young Nazi. He is the son of a Wembley factory manager: his real name is Heard, and he is still at school

The Last Stone (Phœnix).—Whether this is a true picture of the martyrdom of the Czech village, Lidice, none of us, fortunately, is in a position to judge. It is not a very good play. The story of the village schoolmaster who shot a Prussian colonel after having saved his life serves well enough, however, as a piece of romantic drama, and though nasty Gestapo thugs shout and heel-click, we are spared the grimmest horrors.

SCENES in the LIBERATED CITIES of FRANCE and BELGIUM

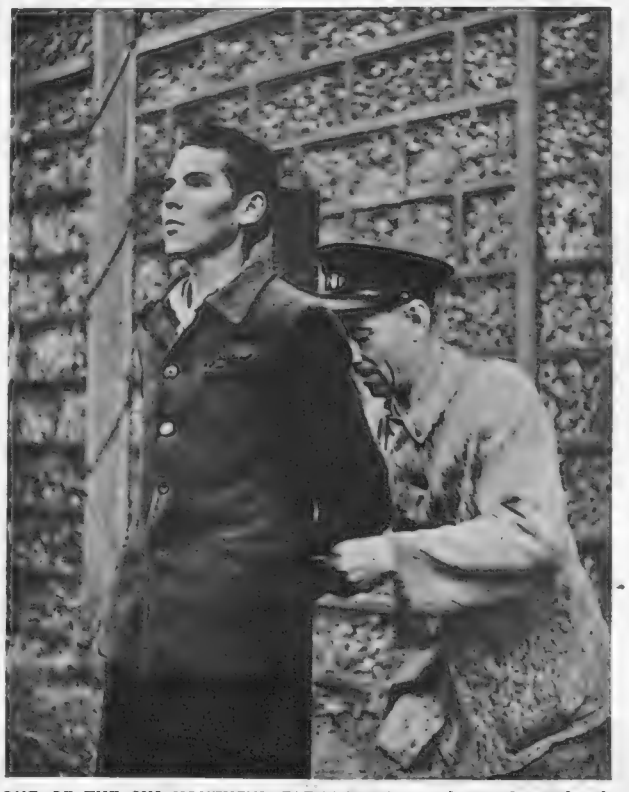
LIFE BECOMES NORMAL IN PARIS : The crowded scene on the terrace of the Café de la Paix. This spot, hard by the Opera, is a centre of Parisian life, where men and women sit on chairs on the pavement and watch the ceaseless procession of passers-by. To this point all the traffic of the city seems to gravitate, and all the sightseers

KNOWN TO ALL TRAVELLERS TO PARIS BY AIR : The battered airport at Le Bourget. This world-famous spot in the suburbs of the capital presented a pitiful sight to the Allies when they captured the aerodrome after the Fall of Paris. It had been the target for Allied bombers, suffered destruction at the hands of the Nazis and was then shelled during a rear-guard action when the enemy made a temporary stand against the Allied advance. This view shows the damaged buildings and control tower, with bomb- and shell-craters on the tarmac

IN BRUSSELS A GERMAN SHOP IS WRECKED BY THE CROWD. Its merchandise, showcards, account books and files have all been dragged out into the roadway and fired. In this city, the hatred against the Germans was made more manifest even than in Paris. Anything German was the subject of hostile demonstration during the first delirious moments of liberation

THE NAZI REARGUARD CAPTURED IN PARIS ARE HOUSED IN THE LOUVRE PENDING INTERNMENT. Of the 2,500 Germans left behind to defend Paris against the Allies and to hold up the advance, 750 are now housed in the famous art gallery and museum, the Louvre. Groups of the prisoners are now to be seen sunning themselves on the grass verge in its courtyard

IN GRENOBLE : The scene during the military trial of the members of the former French Militia. The two pictures given here were taken during the trial and execution of six young Frenchmen who had been members of the Militia and who were found guilty of collaborating with the Germans by a French Military Tribunal in Grenoble. The Militia was the organised force created by the Vichy Government after the 1940 Armistice to work in collaboration with the Germans. The death sentence was carried out by the French Forces of the Interior in the same public square in Grenoble where twenty-two French patriots had been executed by the Germans during the occupation. Six of the accused were condemned to death, two to hard labour for life, and two to five years' imprisonment



ONE OF THE SIX YOUTHFUL FRENCHMEN, condemned to death at Grenoble, is fastened to a stake just before the execution was carried out

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THIS WEEK'S LITERARY FARE

Extracts from a Doctor's Journal; Country Life; Lovat Dickson's New Novel; Crete in 1941; France during the Occupation

I AM quite aware that it is unforgivable to review a book before one has finished reading it, but, all the same, that is what I am proposing to do with DOCTOR PHILLIGO (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.). I am three-quarters of the way through it, and even if something in the remaining few pages makes me change my mind and write a second opinion next week, I want to recommend the book to you right away.

Anyone who read *The Polderoy Papers* will, I imagine, know what to expect of this volume of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's. I am a newcomer to his very specialised art, and so started with no prejudice, except possibly a slight bias against what seemed to me a particularly artificial literary device. But nothing succeeds like success, and as many people can witness, even a bulb catalogue can yield good reading.

Mr. Vulliamy has invented a figure, a country doctor of the '80's and '90's, and his book consists of extracts from the worthy fellow's journal, annotated by the author. Simple enough as a method, but, I thought, likely to pall on sustained reading. I was wrong. Dr. Philligo has a pretty wit, a great distaste for hypocrisy, patent medicines and balloon sleeves, and a pleasantly human fallibility in his judgment on such innovations as the safety bicycle. He is excellent on the Tranby Croft case, and on the Parnell "scandal," and greatly admires the indomitable composure of the then ageing Gladstone. He would be endlessly quotable if I were allowed the space, but perhaps there is room for just one of his *dicta*.

"Andy tells me of a new halfpenny paper, *The Star*, in which a frivolous, pert young man (G.B.S.) writes all the musical news. I do not know whether cheap newspapers are likely to prove a blessing or not. The purposes of a popular Press are simply to make money and to advertise questionable commodities, such as patent medicines and inferior drapery. They are commonly associated with Conservative politics."

Although Mr. Gerald Millar insists that he lives in "the real country not a dormitory with trees in it," on five days a week, he spends a large part of his waking hours working in London. Add to this four hours a day travelling on train and underground—"the routine is inflexible"—and you realise why this book is called PART-TIME COUNTRYMAN (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.).

Those who have sought and do enjoy week-end rest and solace in country places of their own may chafe under his gentle derision. Twenty hours a week spent in buses, trains and tubes—for what? "You go into your lighted house and you put on old clothes and you eat a good meal and you sit in front of a wood fire. You rise and light a hurricane lamp and go out and have a last look round the animals. You come in again and the fire is better. You have a deep, hot bath and you get into bed." Well, so you can in London, even if you do not have to light a hurricane lamp to put the cat out.

The Rev. Sydney Smith once said that he had no relish for the country. "It is a kind of healthy grave." This is perhaps understandable in a man whose idea of heaven was "to eat *paté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets." He also lived in an age when most civilised persons wished to escape from the country, and in which the words "clodhopper" and "bumpkin" were coined.

Now the position is reversed, and an over-industrialised and over-urbanised society, with its desires titillated by the ease of modern transport, has awakened to a new-found nostalgia for the country. "Back to the land!" is the cry, but a land to play in rather than to work in.

This is why Mr. Millar and his many contemporaries of the nostalgic school so dislike the week-ender. A man owes a duty to the community in which he lives; and the sad state of the countryside between the wars is an eloquent condemnation of the city-dweller's neglect of his country's most staple and stable form of life. It has been well said of these week-end and holiday seekers after bucolic pleasure that they have turned England from a land of beauty into a land of beauty spots.

Nevertheless, for all his gentle and persuasive arguments in favour of the countryman and his way of life, one is tempted to ask Mr. Millar what he finds admirable in the attitude of villagers who, in addition to fleecing you, insist that "you are a furriner and you are going to remain a furriner."

From internal evidence I would place Mr. Millar in one of those sturdy and attractive timbered houses somewhere where the counties of Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Essex meet. An unrepentant week-end countryman myself, I have, nevertheless, much enjoyed his book.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS WON A £30,000 PRIZE for the best novel of the year: Miss Elizabeth Goudge at her bungalow home at Marldon, in Devonshire. Miss Elizabeth Goudge, forty-four-year-old English novelist, author of *Green Dolphin Street*, and as yet comparatively unknown in this country, has been awarded the £30,000 prize by Mr. Louis B. Mayer, chief of M.-G.-M., for the best novel of the year. It is expected that profits from the American sales of the book will bring in a further £12,500 at least. The prize-winning book, *Green Dolphin Street*, has been chosen by the Literary Guild as its selection for September, thus assuring a circulation of at least 350,000

OUT OF THE WEST LAND (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is one of those long, long novels which sprawl in every possible direction, clutter up each chapter with unnecessary characters, every scene with picturesque description and every turn of the story with digressions and ramifications almost to the extinction of patience. Nevertheless, and with a certain amount of justice, it will probably be extremely popular, first, because it has two love-stories in place of the more conventional and niggardly one, and, second, because its theme is Anglo-Canadian, in terms of personalities.

Mr. Lovat Dickson opens his story in Western Canada, before this war. There in the wide and very open countryside of Alberta lives Elaine, the beautiful daughter of a rich farmer. Her combination of good looks, good income and good temper is irresistible to every young man who meets her, not least of them a visiting Englishman, Ralph Harriman, who is himself rich and handsome, and a member of the Diplomatic Service. He proposes to Elaine and is accepted, but in the meantime she has met yet another Englishman, with less money but more gumption, who is a fellow-student of hers at the University.

Between these two any girl might have a bewildering time, and Elaine is certainly not capable of handling her own problem. She havers and wavers, goes to England and marries, regrets it and pines, and it finally takes a full-dress fire blitz to pull her together and decide her that it is her husband and not her lover whom she really prefers. Now all you have to do is to read the book to find out which *is* her husband and which her lover. You may not have a very lively time in the process, but in many other ways you will have full value for your money.

The heroic resistance of Crete, and the bitter fight of our troops there in 1941, is the theme of Mr. Cecil Roberts' new novel, SO IMMORTAL A FLOWER (Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.). By the simple and credible device of making one of his principal characters an English archæologist engaged in research on the island in pre-war days, the author has been able to give the reader a brilliant and detailed picture of old Cretan glories, and a little painless coaching in the necessary mythology.

The student of the past is Richard Day, and his sister Sylvia comes out to Crete in 1939 to nurse him through a long illness, during which time she herself is coached in the history of the island by Richard's colleague, a young Italian whose beauty moves her, but whose Fascist doctrines appal her. Nevertheless, she is half in love with him when war is declared, and the brother and sister leave this "Hermes" in Italy, on their way back, he to the R.A.F. and she to be a nurse.

After the evacuation from Greece, Sylvia finds herself once more in Crete, this time constantly under fire from the air, and in great danger of capture by parachute forces. With the other surviving nurses and a straggling column of troops, she makes her way across the island to a beach from which the Navy is taking off as many of the surrounded forces as possible. At the last minute, however, Sylvia decides to remain and help in the guerrilla warfare.

Sylvia becomes a legend on the island, though the author must forgive me if I say that she is also a bit of a prig. Her dismay over another nurse's morals is dangerously near the comic, and not to be expected from a woman who has twice been in love herself, or one who has been through a year of the bloodiest fighting in all the war.

THE CLOSE GAME (Heinemann. 5s.) is an intelligent short novel published with a certain aptness in this season of liberation. Miss Elizabeth Delehanty writes of the resistance of an heroic old French General to the importunities of the Nazis in Occupied France.

Besides having achieved a tautly written, exciting story, Miss Delehanty has to be congratulated on her title, for it is said that in chess, games "in which the entire force, as nearly as may be on each side, is mobilised with a view to strategic advantage before any positive engagement is offered, are close games."

AN ADMIRAL'S NEW JOB: Sir William Goodenough with Mrs. Ian Colvin, head of the Royal Naval War Libraries. At seventy-seven, Admiral Sir William Goodenough has found a new war job. He has become one of the voluntary helpers at the Royal Naval War Libraries, whose headquarters are in Great Portland Street. This voluntary organisation sends out an average of 60,000 books each month. When interviewed, the Admiral said: "I 'm only an ordinary seaman here, not even an able seaman yet." His job is sorting and classifying books

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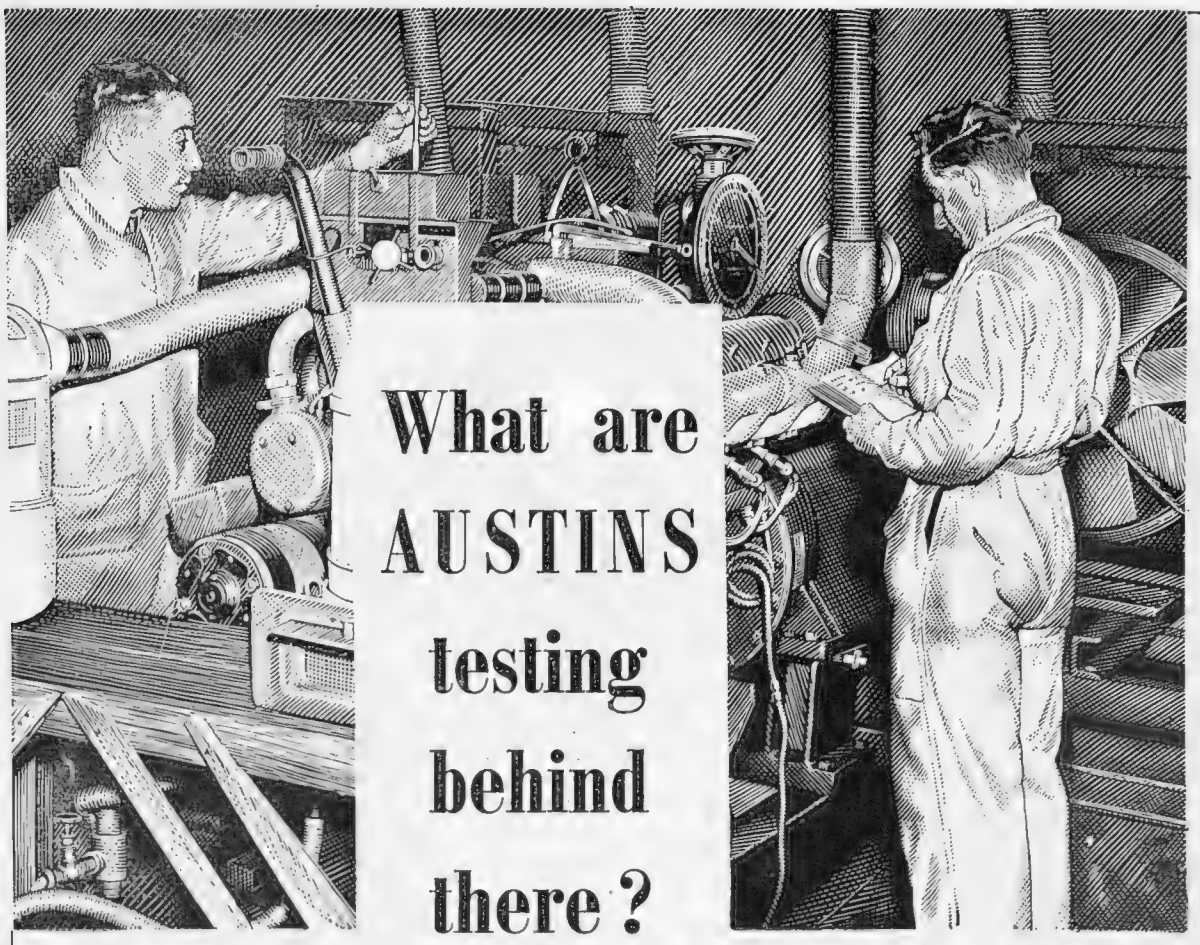

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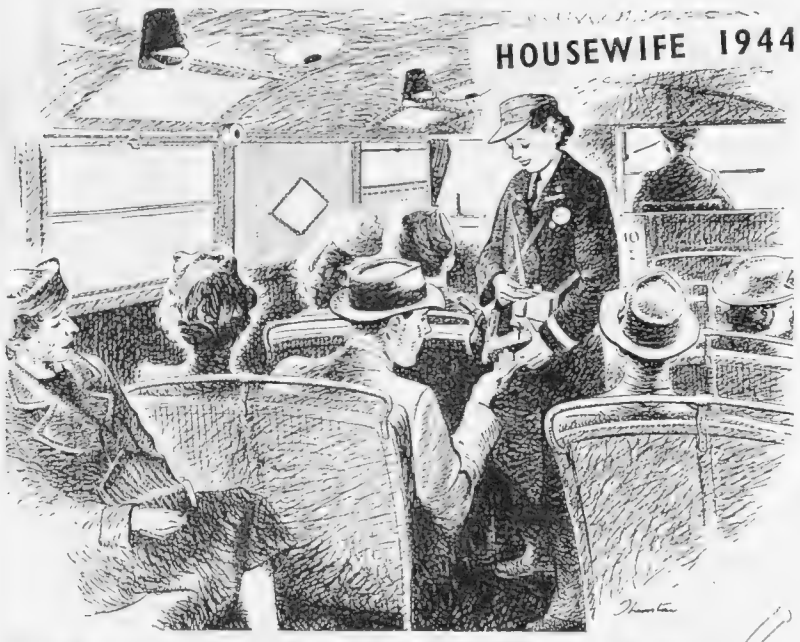

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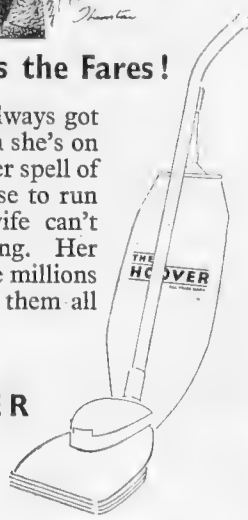

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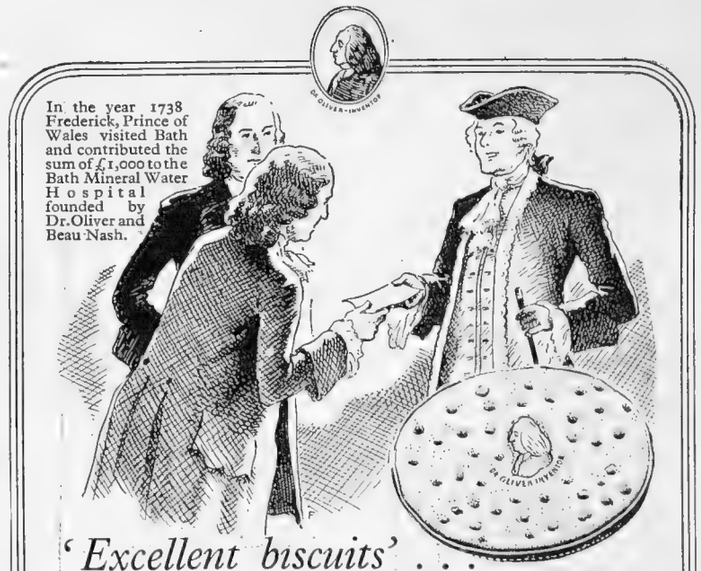

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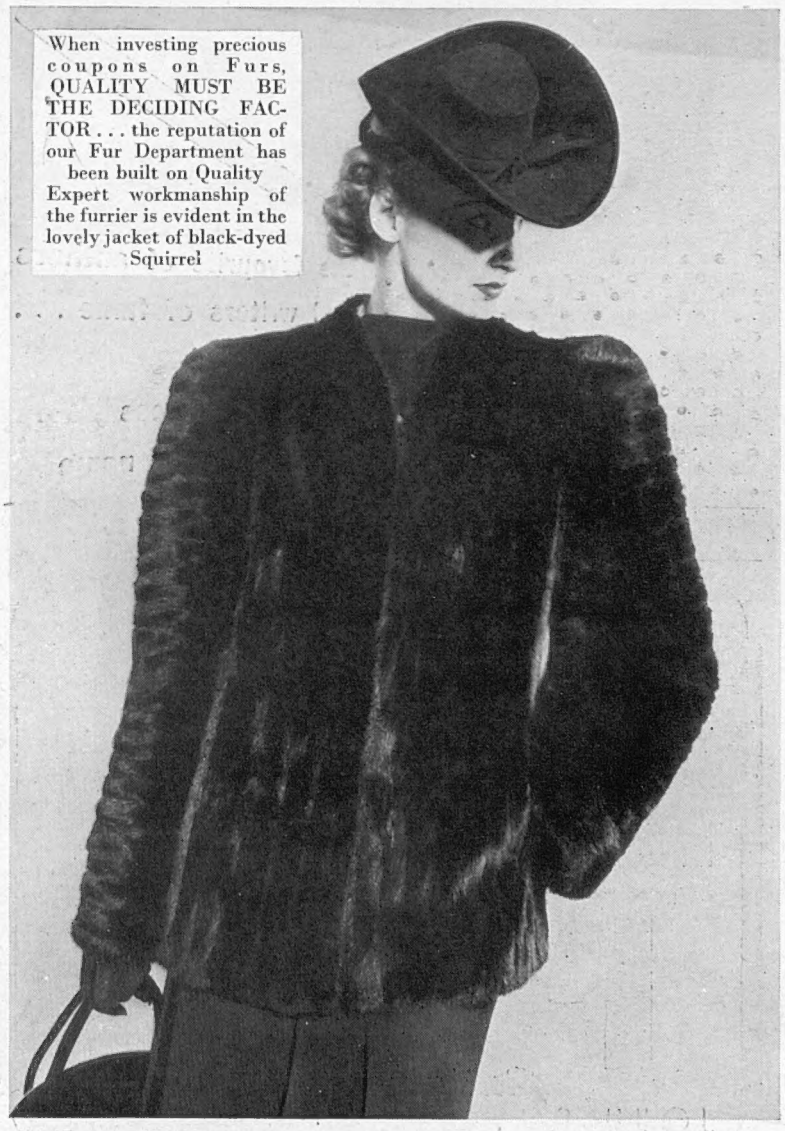

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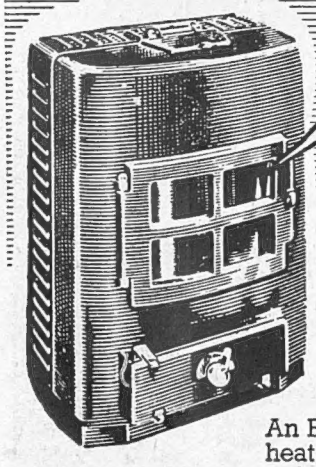

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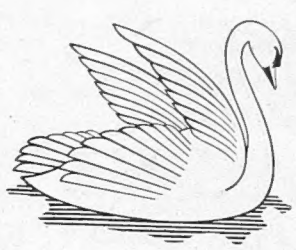

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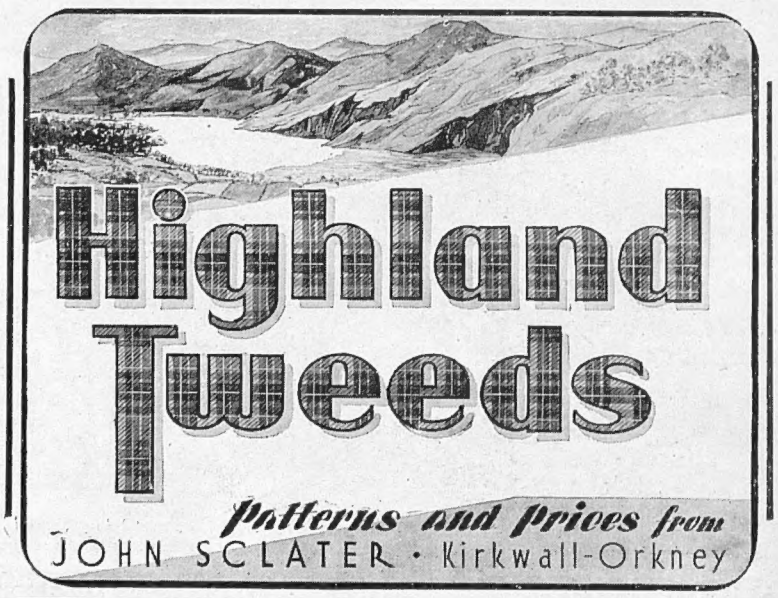

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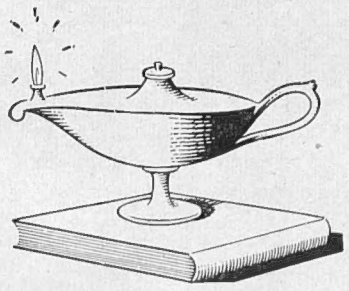

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